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1917



ROUNDUP 1917

A Practical Question at School



Teacher: "Robert, where can the best of Jewelry be bought—reasonable, good graduating presents?"

Robert: "Hully Gee! Don't you know? Why, at Benton's, every time. Dad is gonna get me one of those classy watches this spring. Yes sir! H. W. Benton is the jeweler. I know, Pa says so."

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ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917

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ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917



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ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917

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or

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a specialty.

¶ Where specialized service prevails and
where new stocks are constantly replenished.

¶ Where each of the thirty shops contains
large, complete stocks, instead of mere
handfuls.

¶ Where the styles of "tomorrow" are
shown, rather than those of "today."

¶ Where regular prices are as low and
lower than most special prices.

The Paris
DRY GOODS CO.

The Tenth Annual

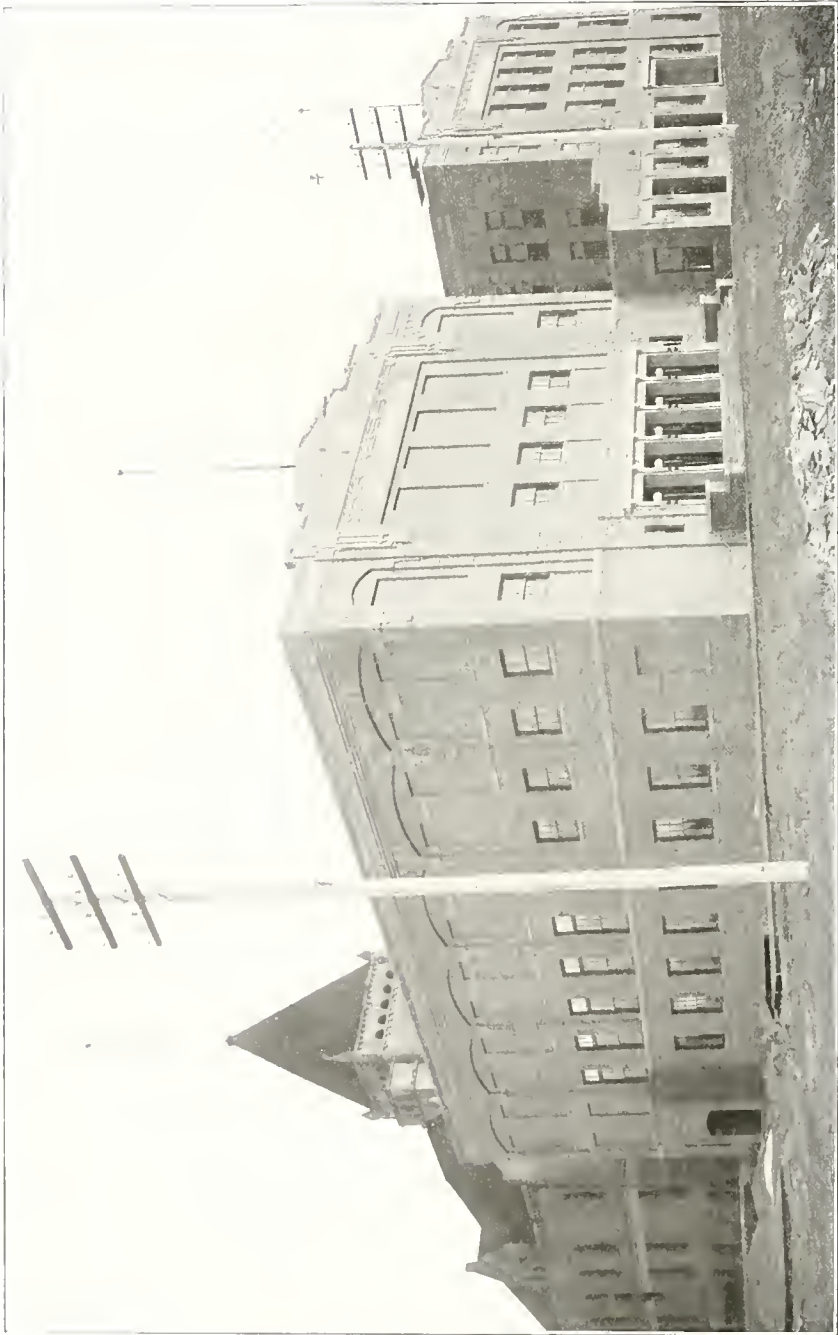
Roundup

Official Publication of Great Falls High School

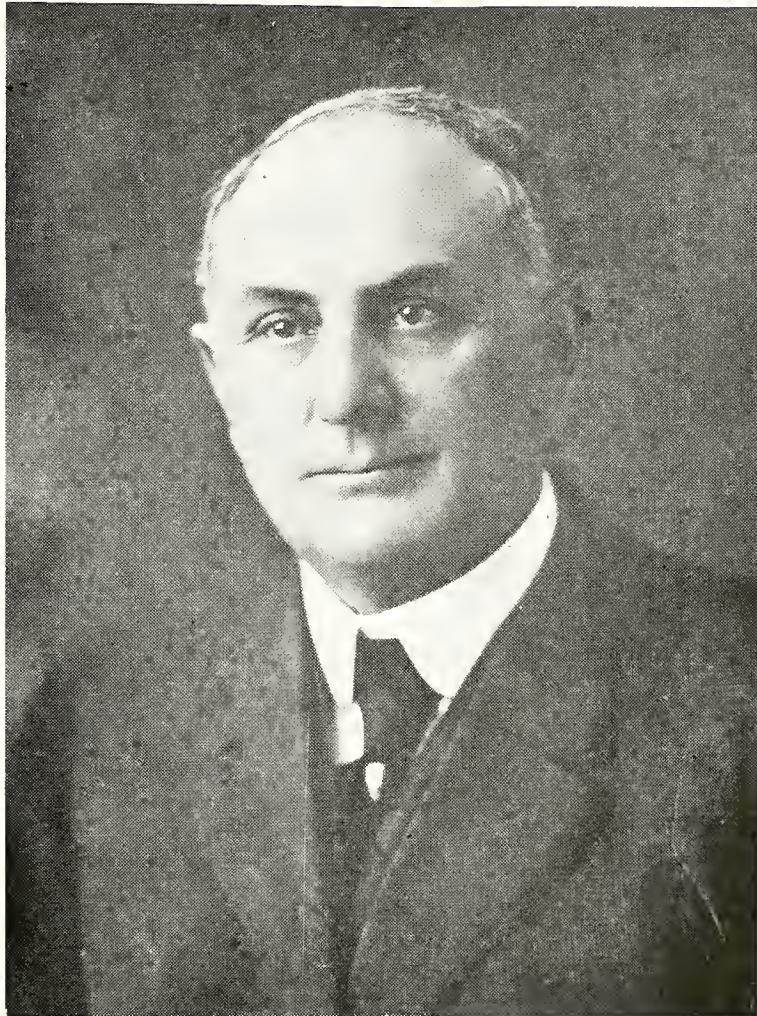
Published by the Senior Class



Great Falls, Montana : June 8, 1917



GREAT FALLS HIGH SCHOOL



SUPT. S. D. LARGENT

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Roundup Dedications

1907, Mr. S. D. Largent.

1908, Mr. S. D. Largent.

1909, Mr. S. D. Largent.

1910, Mary Evans Stone.

1911, Anne Houliston.

1912, Lucy D. Pinney.

1913, Mary Evans Stone.

1914, Clarence Winans Eastman.

1914, (Jan.) Mary Evans Stone.

1915, Charles Norman McMullen.

1916, Helen Pernin Shafer.

1917, Arta Ethlyn Kocken.



TO
MISS ARTA ETHLYN KOCKEN
WE LOVINGLY AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS EDITION
OF THE ROUNDUP



Miss Dorothy Frest
English

Miss Ruth Barneby
English

Miss Anne Houliston
Mathematics

Miss Hazel Elmer
Mathematics

Miss Helen Shafer
English

James Rae
Principal

Miss Genevieve Holkesvig
Mathematics

Miss Josephine Harrison
English

Mrs. Vivian Cameron
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J. Ray Stine
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Miss Clara Kuck
German

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Miss Della Junkin
Physical Geography

Miss Mary Simpson
Biology

Miss Amelia Stanley
Home Science and Art



Miss Grace Williams
Commercial Subjects

Miss Julia Gordon
Music

W. S. Tucker
Manual Training

Chas. McMullen
Commercial Subjects

Miss Agnes Cole
Drawing

Luther R. Wilson
Manual Training

Miss Ruth Harp
Commercial Subjects

Miss Olive Taylor
Physical Training

M. L. Crouch
Athletic Director

Alumni and Undergraduates

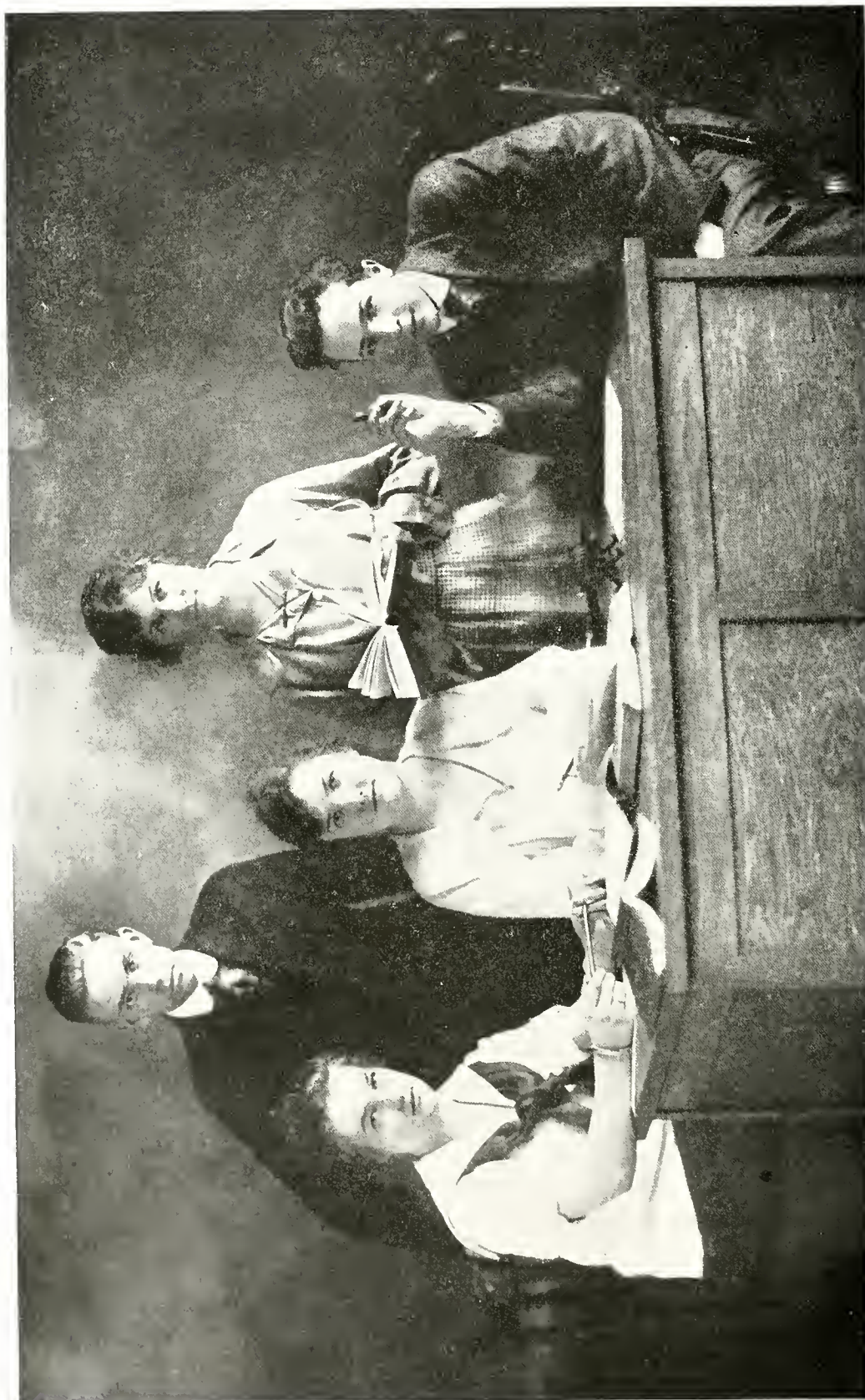
Who Have Answered Their Country's Call

Carl Suhr	Forrest Longeway
Albert Fousek	Jas. Morris
Ernest Steele	Mark Skinner
John Krieger	Harry Dunn
Charles Smith	Robt. Barker
Robert Smith	Oscar Anderson
Edward Jenkins	Gustave Newmack
George Lambert	Andrew Pohlod
Frank Roberts	Clarence Lake
Frank Bradford	John Baier, Jr.



What Constitutes a School?

What constitutes a school?
Not gilded architrave or pillared hall,
Carved stone, or marble pool,
Not storied glass, whence rich reflections fall,
Not picture, map, or book,
Not old elm-shaded walk or playground wide,
Not shop or studious nook
Whereto the fond alumnus points with pride.
No! Boys, high-minded Boys,
Free of high hope and aspiration high,
Who daily know the joys
Of treading earth and gazing on the sky;
And those delicious sprites,
Composed of innocence and guilt and curls,
Whom he who speaks or writes
Must, lacking adequate words, denominate, Girls—
Each a magician,
Filling the world with wonder and joy,
Making each boy a man
And every man regret he's not a boy;
And Teachers, too, who prize
The daily opportunity to do their work,
But, prizing, still despise
With calm disdain the hypocrite and shirk.



ROUNDUP EDITORIAL STAFF

Clista Pierce

Fred Stimpert

Jodie Wren

Velma Lewis

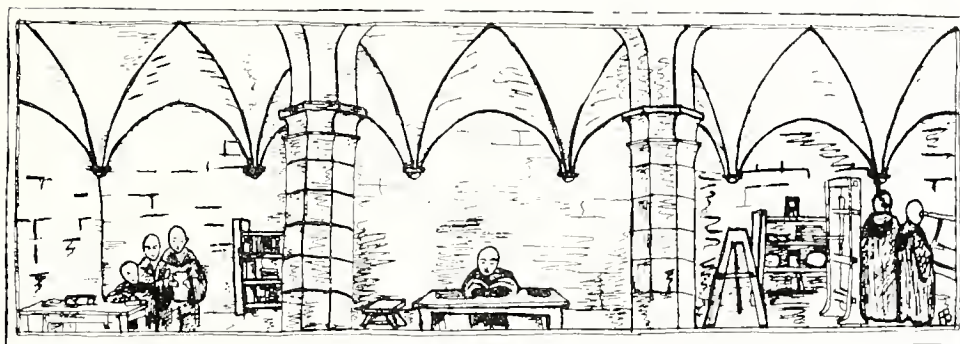
Howard Lease



FRED STIMPERT
Business Manager of Roundup



JODIE LEE WREN
Editor-in-Chief



Editorial

The editors present this, the tenth annual Roundup, with the hope that it will meet with your approval. We assure you that we have labored long and hard to give you a book worthy of our class—the best class ever! If there are faults (and we know that there are), overlook them; if you have been “hit,” it was meant kindly; if we have omitted matters of importance, it was for lack of room—for an over-abundance of good material was submitted. For your loyal support, and generous help, Class of 1917, we thank you.

We also thank Miss Shafer for her willing help in giving us advice and aid in putting this Roundup together. We extend our thanks especially to the business manager and his assistants, who, by their “rustling” have made this work possible. To the reporters and typists who have spent so much time working, we express our gratitude.

Furthermore, we offer our appreciation to all students in the High School and otherwise, who by their work and patronage, have made this number of the Roundup so very successful.



Roundup Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Jodie Wren.

Business Manager—Fred Stimpert.

Assistant Managers—Albert Fousek, Carl Suhr, Ernest Steele, Robert Moore.

Exchange Editor—Velma Lewis.

Athletic Editor—Howard Lease.

Chief Reporter—Clista Pierce.

Assistant Reporters—Vivian Brunceau, John Krieger, Boyd Davis, Laura Olson.

Poet—Laura Pearson.

Commencement Week Program

June 3-June 8

Baccalaureate Sermon

High School Auditorium

Rev. V. B. Scott

Sunday, June 3

Class Day Exercises

High School Auditorium

June 5

Commencement

High School Auditorium

June 7

Junior Banquet

Y. M. C. A.

June 8

Junior Party

Y. M. C. A.

June 8

Junior Ball

Masonic Temple

June 8

Class History

On a certain morning in September of the year 1913, one hundred thirty-two Freshmen were seen wandering about the halls of the Great Falls High School, frantically comparing the numbers on the doors of the various rooms with the numbers on their cards. Somehow, they didn't match at all! The upper classmen looked on, much amused. We poor "Freshies" failed to appreciate the humor which the others were enjoying so much. When a bell rang, at last, we were almost distracted, because we hadn't made the numbers come out right—that is, most of us hadn't. But we rushed into the nearest room, and sat down, trying to seem very calm, though our hearts were beating very rapidly, indeed. After we had settled down and looked around, we found that we appeared to be a little out of place. When the teacher in charge had examined our cards, she very kindly and politely, yet firmly, told us that we were in the wrong room and pointed out to us the one into which we should have made our way.

After the first day, things seemed to go a little better, but it required a whole week to make us perfectly at ease.

Our work for the year had just begun when we decided that we should have a class meeting. An announcement to this effect appeared upon the bulletin board, and every Freshman felt very proud. The meeting took place in the assembly hall. Miss Dryden, the history teacher, was our faculty adviser. She presided until we had elected our president, and then he took charge. The officers for the first two years were: Earl Conrad, president; Pauline Fryberg, vice president; Isabel Fairfield, secretary; and Fred Stimpert, treasurer. The colors chosen for class colors were blue and gray. We also picked out our class pins and ordered them. They were kite-shaped, and had the class colors in enamel. They also contained the letters G. F. H. S., and '17. We didn't have many more class meetings after that, and those that we did have were of little importance.

By the time the second semester had begun, we had ceased being entirely "green." In fact, but for an occasional "simple" expression, no one would have guessed that we were merely Freshmen.

Then came the Sophomore year. We were happy to find that now we might laugh at the 1914 Freshmen, who were as "green" as we had been.

Studying seemed to be much more difficult for us at this time than at the time we were Freshmen. There were continual consultations with Mr. Rae, during which we begged and even prayed to have our courses changed. The easiest subjects had many followers. As Freshmen we had taken what was given us to study, as a matter of necessity, and we had studied early and late on Algebra, History, English, Latin, and many other things. We now discovered that it was entirely unnecessary to "injure our brains" with such hard usage, and studied less and less. Our grades suffered in most cases, but we were not much concerned, and went serenely on our way. We experienced a distinct shock when we received the information that we had failed or were conditioned and must needs go to summer school.

There were not many social affairs during our Sophomore year.

The girls' basket-ball team, composed of Edith Judson, Laura Pearson, Vivian Bruneau, Mary Buley, Edna Helmerich, Helen Hill, and Estelle Bradley, distinguished itself a number of times.

A number of our boys are athletes, and will long be remembered as champions of football and track.

When we rose to the station of Juniors, there were 88 of us left. We felt our own importance, and showed it plainly. Miss Kocken had become the class teacher and we used many of her progressive ideas in our proceedings. Ambrose Ryan succeeded Earl Conrad as president; Mary Buley was vice president; Laura Pearson became secretary, and Velma Lewis, treasurer.

The year was full of social events. First came the class party, a sort of indoor track meet. It was held in the gymnasium of the school, on a Saturday night early in December. The class was well represented, there being more than 75 present. All of us enjoyed ourselves immensely. After that came the Junior Class play, "Our Wives."

Then began the preparations for the Junior-Senior affairs at the end of the year. There were class meetings without number and committees, and committees, and committees. How the girls worked on flowers for decorating, and on banners! We all know how busy Miss Kocken was all this time.

Commencement week was filled with festivities.

At the Senior class play, we Juniors sat together in the balcony. We gave vent to our enthusiasm in our class yells, which completely drowned every suggestion of a yell from the Freshmen and Sophomores.

On Commencement night, the Seniors held us in a state of awe. Very humbly our handsomest young men acted as ushers, while the rest of us saw visions of our youth and beauty as it would grace just such an occasion, but one short year hence.

The next evening—which was Friday, June 9—we proved our good will toward our recent rivals by giving a banquet in their honor at the Rainbow Hotel. There were places for 220. The Seniors and the members of the faculty were the guests of the evening. Just preceding the banquet, Howard Lease, who was toastmaster, introduced our president, Ambrose Ryan. Ambrose welcomed the class of 1916 and the faculty; Claire Marsh, president of the Senior Class, responded in behalf of his classmates, and Mr. Rae replied for the faculty. Mary Wood, one of the talented members of our class, contributed two delightful solos.

Following the banquet, was given the toast program, which centered about the subject "Good Roads." John Marshall of the Senior class, in response to the toast "Ancient Highways"—"a schoolboy's tale of the wonder of the hour"—reminded us of much interesting ancient history. The subject "By-ways" had been given to Mildred Chichester, '10. She showed that though the pleasant places aside from the main road were but by-paths, they afforded much enjoyment, as our toast programs gave evidence—"A

ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917

brook and ample road, whose dust is gold, and whose pavement stars." Clarence Holmberg, a Senior, delighted us all with his interpretation of "Inns"—"The gulfs enchanted where the siren sings." Miss Shafer, the class teacher of our guests, talked to us both humorously and seriously on the subject "Cross Roads," and as a climax to the whole affair, Vivian Bruneau, of our own class, took us back once more to the "Main Road."

With one long, lingering cheer for G. F. H. S., we left the banquet hall to take part in the other event of the evening.

At nine o'clock in the Palm Room, the reception, in honor of the faculty and Senior class, took place. There was a delightful and very interesting program which consisted of music and addresses, and was presided over by Howard Lease. Refreshments were served, and the reception was recognized a success.

While the party (reception, in elegant language) was in progress, the annual Junior Prom in honor of the graduating class was given by those of our class who enjoy dancing. The ball took place in the Masonic Temple, which was decorated with great quantities of pink and white spring flowers and with the banners of the classes of 1916 and 1917. After the grand march, which was led by the presidents of the two classes, the dance programs were distributed by Helen Hill and Ambrose Ryan of the Junior class. All too soon the music died away and our Junior Ball and Junior year were only memories.

And then we advanced to the lofty position of Seniors! How proud we were—and are! Sometimes we pity ourselves because no one else seems to. Teachers heap pages and pages of lessons upon us as we sit, meekly submissive (?) in our classrooms. Sometimes we think we shall be glad to leave the place where we have been so sorely tried, and so cruelly mistreated. Again, we look about us rather sorrowfully, and almost wish we could re-live some portions of our school career.

There has been a number of class meetings this year. Ambrose is still president. Howard Lease is vice president, Velma Lewis retains the office of treasurer, and Helen Hill is secretary.

We have had one social affair—the Hike. It took place on October 12—one of our very few and hard-earned holidays. It will not soon be forgotten by the members of the Senior class. The Giant Springs is a good place to hold almost any kind of an outdoor festivity and this occasion was certainly delightful, to say the least.

Our number has now dwindled to 83. We hope that no one who now "belongs" will desert us in our last hour of need and triumph—Commencement!

OLIVE KIMMERLE.



Class Officers

President	Ambrose Alexander Ryan
Vice President	Howard Stiles Lease
Secretary	Helen Maxine Hill
Treasurer	Clara Velma Lewis

Class Motto

"Dig"

Class Colors

Gray and Blue



Honor Ten

Velma Lewis	Edith Judson
Olive Kimmerle	Anna Parker
Laura Olson	Hilda Olsen
Esther Swanson	Florence Jensen
Laura Pearson	Vivian Bruneau

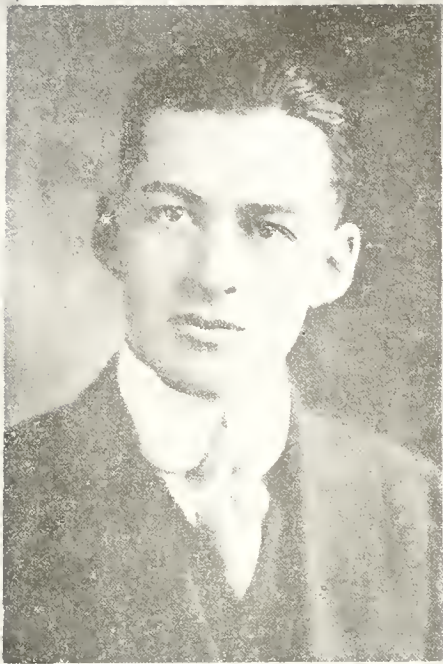


Graduating Exercises

High School Auditorium
Thursday Evening, June 7, 1917

Program

Velma Lewis	"What Next?"
Olive Kimmerle	"Music in Every Day Life"
Laura Olson	"Vocational Training"
Esther Swanson	"Universal Service"
Laura Pearson	"Pioneers"
Edith Judson	"Spirit of the Red Cross"
Anna Parker	"Heritage of the American Youth"
Hilda Olson	"Smile Up Your Face"
Florence Jensen	"Every Day Heroes"
Vivian Bruneau	"Ellis Island"



Ambrose Ryan
President

Helen Hill
Secretary

Velma Lewis
Treasurer

Howard Lease
Vice President

President's Address

Parents, Faculty, Friends and Fellow Students:

The members of the graduating class of 1917 have reached the goal toward which they have been working twelve long years. We are beginning to realize, as you have so often told us, that we have only reached the beginning of real work and joy in this life.

It seems well for us who are about to step forward into the Arena of the World's progress to consider something of what our parts in the great battle of life are, or ought to be, as citizens of the greatest republic and the grandest nation in all the world, before its people of one of the best schools of all those that cover the land from ocean to ocean. The one predominant thought we all have in our minds at the present moment is patriotism, and I should like to define that word as the class of 1917 understands it. We have all our lives heard a great deal about patriotism. Each citizen has seemed to define the word in his own way.

We are all more or less familiar with Decatur's immortal toast:

"Our Country!

May she always be in the right!

But right or wrong,

Our Country!"

Upon first hearing these words they sound brimful of patriotism and we feel a responsive thrill as we listen to it, but to the mind of one whose thoughts are higher, deeper, broader, and purer, as he looks upon the flag waving in the air—to one who loved his country as Washington, Lincoln, and McKinley did—the words are far from having a true ring. To such a heart the only true patriotism is that highest and best love of country that has the nation's purest and noblest good at heart, that has a lofty conception of what his nation should be and uses all his energy to bring her as close to that ideal as it is possible.

If need be we will say "Our Country, right or wrong," but we will add, "My Country, make her right, keep her standards clean and white."

Many in this graduating class have felt the call of the army or navy and have left their school work and their homes to uphold the standards of our country in this time of need that now faces us as a nation. The first to answer this call was Charles Smith, captain of the football team. Into the navy with him went John Baier, the center of that same team. Following their examples of patriotism are Carl Suhr, Albert Fousek, Ernest Steel and John Kreiger. Many of the members are serving their country by raising food-stuffs out on the farm. Though absent for a month or two, these patriotic members, both soldiers and farmers, will be awarded their diplomas.

I have tried to define our patriotism in words; I also pledge the class of 1917 to show you its understanding of patriotism by its deeds.

Our class motto, "Dig," is the best example of the work we have been doing in the last four years of school and the way all of us intend to go through life. We intend to dig hard for the best there is in it—the friendship of our neighbors and the respect of everyone.

AMBROSE RYAN.



Majel Banta

Enid H. S., Enid Okla. Finance Com., Junior Ball, Chorus, Athletic Assn., Sen., Motto Com., Girls Glee Club, '15. Old Folks Concert.

"I want a man—I want a man—I want a mansion in the sky."

Estella Carrie Bradley

Girls' Basket Ball, '15-'16; Dramatic Club '17.

"Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman."



Melvin Cottler

"In a word he is complete in feature and in mind."

Esther Agnes Brauch

Girls' Glee Club, '13; Windmills of Holland, '13; Played songs in German Program, '15.

"Pure was her mind, and simple her intent."

Rosedelima Brisette.

Entered from Mont. State College, Prep. Department; Jun. Banner Com.; Athletic Assn; Commencement Card Committee.

"The Parisian model from Great Falls."

Nick John Cassun

Highest mark in 10A German examination.

"Men of few words are the best men."

Helen Olive Brown

Montana Wesleyan, Helena; Secretary of Class in Wesleyan; Athenian Literary Society. Entered as Junior. Athletic Assn; Sen.; Motto Com.

"Do I look all right, girls?"

Vivian Lyndal Bruneau

Honor Ten; Basket Ball, '14-'15; A. A.; Ticket Seller for B. B. Chorus, '16; Declamatory Contest; Russian Romance, '15. In Quarantine, '15; Our Wives, '16; My Lord in Livery, '17.

"'Tis true that she is much inclined, To chin and talk with all mankind."





Wallace Alexander Craig

Athletic Assn; Dramatic Club, '17.

"I always get the better of an argument, when I argue alone."

Mary Elizabeth Buley

Girls' Chorus '15; Old Folks Concert '15; Vice-President Class in Junior year; Girls B. B. '13, '14, '15, '16; Girls Club '17.

"Always unaffected, no matter what the provocation."



Amy Louise Burlingame

Sold Football Tickets; A. A.; Russian Romance. Going to attend Ward Belmont College.

"Talk is her business."

Clarence Leonard Dalve

"Quality, not quantity."



Linea Florence Chellquist

Chorus, '14, '15; G. G. Club, '14, '15, '17; Old Folks' Concert, '15; Girls' B. B., '16; Girls' Club, '17.

"So very distant and unassuming."

Catherine Louise Cloldt

"Aint afraid of roarin' lions,
Aint afraid of bats,
Aint afraid of elephants,
Aint afraid of rats,
Aint afraid of snarling dog,
Aint afraid of noise,
Aint scared of nothin' much,
Only just of—boys."

Boyd Evans Davis

Athletic Assn; Boys' Glee Club, '17.

"You can tell him by his gait."

Margaret Ellen Eberl

"Thy modesty is a candle to thy virtue."





Mabel Evelyn Edman

Athletic Association.

"Lassie wi' th' lint white locks.
Bonnie lassie, artless (?) lassie."



Harriet Ferguson

"1917's youngest."

Annabel Fowler

Girls' Basket Ball, '13; Manual
Training, '13; Glee Club, '13.

"Laugh and the world laughs with
you."



Howard Guernsey Evans

Chorus, '16, '17; Senate; Executive
Committee of the Senate, '17.

"Slow but sure."

Edna Emile Helmerich

Eager Heart; Dramatic Club;
Chorus, '14, '15, '16; Girls' Basket
Ball, '16; High School Girls' Club.

"Happy-go-lucky, fair and free;
Nothing there is that bothers me."



Hazel Hulda Hillstrand

Old Folks' Concert, '15; Chorus,
'14, '15, '16; Girls' Glee Club, '15;
Girls' Basket Ball, '16; High School
Girls' Club.

"She is a thinker and a doer—good in
everything she undertakes."

Einar Arnold Engberg

Athletic Assn; Basket Ball, '15, '16;
Baseball, '15, '16, '17; Ticket Seller
for F. B.

"With locks curly as if laid in press."



Walter Arnold Dotseth

F. B., '16, '17; B. B., '17; Base Ball
1-2; Orchestra, 3-4.

"Talk—well, he can beat some girls."





Bertha Mabel Hogan

Chorus, '16; Athletic Association.

"Long may such goodness live."



Ruth Christine Holkesvig

Entered from Fargo H. S., '15; Member of Erodelphian Society in Fargo.

"She's a bonnie sweet sonsie lassie."

Albert Edward Fousek

Junior Ball Committee; Class Play; Athletic Association; Assistant Business Manager for Roundup.

"Adjustable to any situation; works when he has to, he has a good time when he wants to."



Helen Maxine Hill

A. A. Benefit Play; Dramatic Club; Girls' Basket Ball, '14, '15, '16; Guard.

"And like another Helen, fired another Troy."



John Edward Krieger

High School Orchestra. Entered from Stockett H. S.; Athletic Booster.

"Few are his words—great his deeds."

Florence Vivian Jensen

Girls' Glee Club, '13, '14, '15. On Honor Ten.

"Whenever I have anything to do, I go and do it."

Evelyn Mildred Johnson

Athletic Association Ticket Seller, F. B.; Chorus, '16; Typist for Roundup; Girls' Basket Ball, '17.

"When I don't know whether to fight or not, I fight."

Howard Stites Lease

Glee Club, 1-2-3-4; Dramatic Club, 4; Declam., 3-4; Base Ball, Basket Ball, 1-2-3-4; Sweethearts; Old Folks' Concert; Toastmaster Junior Banquet; Senate.

"An all around good fellow."





Edith Marian Judson

Girls' Basket Ball, '15; Delegate to Vocational College at Bozeman; Dramatic Club, '16, '17; Girls' H. S. Club, '17. On Honor Ten.

"All who saw, admired."

May Winifred Kelly

Entered from Belt H. S.; Declam., '16, in Belt; Girls' Basket Ball, '16, in Belt.

"I would not grow too fast, for sweet flowers are slow and weeds make fast."



Albert Earl Littlejohns

Senate, '15, '16, '17; Midsummer Night's Dream; Pres. of Senate, '17; Chairman Executive Committee, '16.

"I can counterfeit the deep tragedian."

Olive Lucille Kimmerle

Chorus, '15, '16, '17; Girls' Glee Club, '16, '17. On Honor Ten.

"With gentle dignity and winning ways."



Anna Hougan

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

Josephine Winora Kollenbaum

Reception Committee, '16; Chorus, '13; Party Committee, '16.

"She speaks, acts and behaves just as she should."



Walter Peter Marron

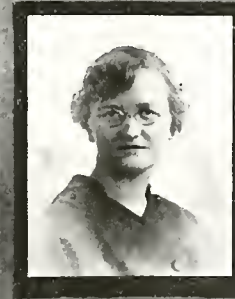
Entered from Plentywood H. S. as Senior; Class Play, '13, '15; Athletics; Ticket Seller for games.

"Give me time for my dreams."

Frances Lowrie

Entered from Des Moines West H. S. as Senior; Girls' Club, '17.

"With too much thinking to have common thought."





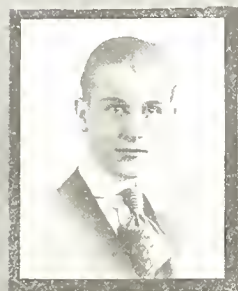
Velma Lewis

Eager Heart, '10; Reception Committee, '16; Treasurer of Class, '15, '16, '17; Junior Party Committee; Dramatic Club, '17. On Honor Ten.

"She is not conscious of her own worth."

Mary Jane Lloyd

"She was always the same good friend to everyone she met."



Robert James Moore

Entered from St. Mary's Institute; Junior Ball Committee; Basket Ball, '15, '17; Foot Ball Ticket Manager, '17; Track, '15.

"Always taking things for granted."

Leona Dorothy Loftus

Athletic Association; Chorus, '16; Ticket Seller for F. B. games; Girls' Basket Ball, '17; Typist for Roundup; Editor of The Mirror.

"To one who knows her, a most entertaining lassie."



Agnes Christina Lundell

Entered from Stockett H. S.; Class Plays in Stockett.

"Worry and I have never met."

Donald Edward McKenzie

Ass'tant Business Manager of Roundup; Athletic Booster; Entered from Minn. West H. S.

"Give me a moustache or give me death."

Isabel Wilelmina Manthey

Entered from Stockett H. S., '16; Stockett School Orchestra.

"In manner quiet."

Lillian Jeanette Mayland

"A modest woman never speaks of herself."





Gustave Nicholas Newmack

Entered from Belt H. S., Senior year.

"He has a store of knowledge which he never gets from books."

Anna Rena Mehl

"Always the same: quiet and kind."

Gladys Violet Odson

Entered from Decorah, Iowa, '17.

"We must in all things look for the why, how and the wherefore."

Andrew Pohlod

Freshman at Belt H. S.; Athletic Assn.; Class Base Ball, '15, '16; Basket Ball, '15, '17.

"Innocence and shyness personified."

Laura Olson

On Honor Ten.

"Sober, steadfast, and demure."

Hilda Ellen Olsen

Junior Party Committee; Senior Program Committee. On Honor Ten.

"Her nature is no less sunny than her hair."

Ambrose Alexander Ryan

Junior-Senior Class President; Athletic Association; Class B. P., '16, '17.

"May lady never press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a smoke stack of his mouth
And keeps his chimney burning."

Nola Bernice Palmer

Entered from Cascade H. S.; Athletic Association; Won Speaking Contest at Montana Wesleyan.

"She doeth all things well."





George Slusher

Member of Athletic Assn.; Class Track, '15, '16; Ticket Seller for Foot Ball games.

"His wit invites you by his looks to come, but when you knock, it never is at home."

Annamae Parker

On Honor Ten.

"She keeps her own counsel."



Laura Elizabeth Pearson

Basket Ball, '14, '15, '16; Sec. Class, '15, '16; Member of Athletic Assn.; Member of Editorial Staff of R. U. Com.; Junior Ball Banquet. On Honor Ten.

"As staunch and true a friend as ever a girl could be."

Robert Jess Smith

Track Team, '16; Foot Ball; Basket Ball; Chorus, '15, '16; Junior Ball Com.; Member of Athletic Assn.

"Always kicking, always late, always being bawled out about something."



Clista Edith Pierce

Member of Staff of R. U.; Musical Comedy, '13; Junior Ball Com.; Member of Athletic Assn.; Member of Dramatic Club.

"Her cheek has the soft pink of a sea shell."

Erma Leonoe Reip

"Independence is her middle name."



Fred John Springer

Foot Ball, '16, '17; Basket Ball, '16, '17; Base Ball, '14, '15, '16, '17; Member of Athletic Association.

"So live in ease and not be bound to think."

Inez Elfreda Robbins

Entered from Stockett, '17.

"She conducts herself with a quiet dignity."





Mary Katherine Seelinger

Athletic Assn.; Chorus, '16; Typist for Roundup; Girls' Basket Ball, '17; Ticket Seller for F. B.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."

Georgia Elizabeth Shaw

Decoration Com., '16; Gen. Preparation Com., '17.

"She is the quiet kind, whose nature never varies."

Carl Henry Suhr

Basket Ball, '16, '17; Base Ball 4 years; Athletic Assn.; Yama Yama, Missoula, '14; Athletic Play, '14; Assistant Business Manager of Roundup; Executive Com.; Athletic Assn.; Class Play, '17; Ticket Seller F. B.; Expects to enter University of Penn.

"It is said that on some unknown subject he is an authority of great repute."

Helen Katherine Sullivan

"A maiden never bold."

Leona Mae Switzer

Entered from Ridgeway, Mo., '16; Girls' Club, '17; Dramatic Club, '17; Sec. Class, '14, '15; Chorus, '15, '16.

"A little rule, a little sway,
A sunshine on a winter's day."

Fred Dewey Stimpert

H. S. Drum Corps; Pres. Athletic Assn.; Foot Ball, '16; Business Manager of Roundup; Class Play, '15; Treas. of Class, '13; Athletic Assn. Play, '14; Class Base Ball; Chairman of Junior Ball Committee.

"What he has he gives; what he thinks,
he shows.
But what he says, he says to one only."

Esther Swanson

On Honor Ten.

"An intelligent worker and knows how to get results."

Ernest Clifford Steel

Interclass Track, '13, '15, '17; Basket Ball, '13, '15; Base Ball, '13, '15; Foot Ball, '15; Declam., '15; Dramatic Club, '13, '15; Senate, '14; Vice Pres. Midyear Class, '16; Vice Pres. Athletic Assn., '16, '17; Senior Play, '14; Asst. Roundup Mgr., '14, '17; Track Meet, '14.

"Has broken all records."





Mary Anne Walsh

Assistant Editor of "Mirror."

"Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have
brought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass."

Bessie May Webber

"Laugh and grow fatter, you little
rascal."

Solomon Nicholas Tintinger

Baseball, '15, '16; Member of Ath-
letic Association.

"Lives up to his name."

Ruth Christine Westerlund

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who
will be clever."

Mary Isabel Wood

Sang at Junior Ball, '16; Chairman
Junior Banquet Committee; Sec.
Girls' Glee Club, '15, '16; Sec. G. F.
A. A., '16, '17; Ye Olde Time Con-
cert, '15; Ticket Seller for A. A.
games.

"Her tones are like dew drops of cele-
stial melody."

Stewart Thompson

Mid-year Class.

Jodie Lee Wren

Girls' Glee Club, '13; Windmills of
Holland, '13; Our Wives, '15;
Eager Heart, '16; Dramatic Club,
'17; Member of Athletic Assn.;
Banquet Com. Junior Ent.; Dec-
orations Com. Junior Ball; Editor-
ial Staff Roundup.

"How pretty were her blushes and how
she blushed again."

William LeRoy Wilkes

Orchestra, '16, '17; Senate.

"Bright from the top of his head up."





Laura Barret

"A girl she seems of cheerful yester-
days and confident tomorrows."

David Mills

Mid-year Class.



Katherine Longeway

Mid-year Class.

"I ought to have my own way, and
what's more, I will."

Lillian Roth

Mid-year Class.



Ethyl Reeves

Mid-year Class.

Helen Ernestine Young

Mid-year Class.



Carl Spengler

Mid-year Class.

Violet Thisted

Mid-year Class.





Clarence Wiprud

Senate, 3; Executive Committee; Amendment Committee Extemporaneous Speaking.

"It feels funny to be happy."

Clarence Smith

Captain of Football, '17. Basket Ball, '17.



Class Opinions

Artistic	Melvin Cottier	Studious	Velma Lewis
Democratic	Helen Hill	Poetic	Laura Pearson
Athletic	Fred Springer	Optimistic	Albert Fousek
Quick Tempered	Fred Springer	Aristocratic	Jodie Wren
Bluffer	George Slusher	Pessimistic	Fred Stimpert
Bashful	Catharine Cloidt	Knocker	Boyd Davis
Slangiest	Amy Burlingame	Hungriest	Donald Mackenzie
Sprinter	Ernest Steele	Wittiest	Carl Suhr
Laziest	Ambrose Ryan	Slowest	Walter Marron
Conceited	Vivian Bruneau	Scientific	Wallace Craig
Flirtiest	Mary Wood, Walter Dotseth	Literary	Florence Jensen
Popular	Mary Wood	Orator	Earl Littlejohns
Cutest	Mary Wood	Dignified	John Krieger
Prettiest	Ruth Holkesvig	Brightest	Velma Lewis



Last Will and Testament

We, the class of nineteen hundred and seventeen, although we have survived many crises during these four years of incubation, although we have suffered much from lectures and final examinations and now are about to pass into broader fields of oblivion, and being possessed of a sound mind, do upon this eighteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and seventeen, put our hand and seal to this our last will and testament.

1. The class as a whole wills its gray matter to Lewis Smythe.
2. The green lawn we give to the Freshmen, with the warning not to run across it too promiscuously.
3. We will the gymnasium for dance (?) purposes to the whole high school with the hope that future classes will enjoy it as much as the class of 1917.
4. We will the fountain which Carl Suhr's dog has frequently infested to Bessie Marshall's cur.
5. Mary Wood's art of flirting in the halls and elsewhere we leave to Rosemary Trackwell, who already has a good start.
6. We will the opportunity for fussing in the halls to Maurice Angland and Nellie Mahoney.
7. Ambrose Ryan wills his recipe for increasing height to "Shorty" Hodges.
8. Billie Hill wills her good nature to Joe Nelson.
9. Ruth Holkesvig wills her beauty to Natalie Townsend.
10. George Slusher wills his ability to bluff to Tony Martin.
11. We leave all our bills for Commencement affairs to be paid.
12. The Senior girls will their tidy (?) lockers to the Juniors, hoping that they will always follow our noble (?) examples and keep the doors closed.
13. We give the Juniors our dignity, which we have so carefully fostered. May they in due time grow large and strong enough to protect it.
14. Bessie Webber wills her original hair tonic to Ethel Littlejohns.
15. Dee Brisette leaves her artistic clothes to her sister, Mariette Brisette.
16. Upon Rosemary Trackwell, Inez Robbins bestows her daintiness.
17. Mary Wood leaves Opal Clinkenbeard and Evelyn Gross, her ability to warble before an audience.
18. Hilda Olsen leaves her Kelley green hat as a souvenir to the Freshmen. We know they will appreciate it.
19. Catherine Cloidt wishes Edna Eberl to become the possessor of her blush, which is as charming as a red, red rose.
20. Robert Moore wills his gift of manly beauty to Earl Fries.
21. Roy Wilkes is afraid that Lewis Smythe is too industrious. Lewis, accept Roy's lazy disposition and save yourself much trouble.

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22. Hilmar Heckner leaves his ability to start an argument to anyone who will not abuse it.

23. To Ruth Woodworth, Helen Hill gladly presents her Mary Pickford curls.

24. Erma Reip leaves her ability to do the "Charley Chaplin Walk" to any Junior who has brains enough in his feet to do it.

25. Lewis Smythe, Earl Littlejohns bequeaths to you his ambition to become a minister.

26. The next year's Senate Club will need a star debater as efficient as Hilmar Heckmar. Tony Martin, we hope you will fill this vacancy.

27. We will our picture and one of the banners to Miss Kocken with which to decorate her room and remind her of the dutiful class of 1917. Also we leave Miss Kocken our wonderful historical narratives for future reference.

28. To Miss Stone we leave our permission to call the Juniors and would-be Seniors "dummbeits."

29. To Miss Houliston we give our sincere respect and love.

30. To Miss Shafer we will our other banner.

31. To Miss Kuck we leave our German texts with the translations written between the lines.

32. To Miss Shafer we leave our very best wishes.

33. To Miss Kocken we give our profound admiration and ever enduring friendship of the class of 1917, individual as well as collective manifestation.

34. To the Sophomores we leave our excessive amount of worldly knowledge.

35. To the Freshmen we leave all that we have left, which is mostly "sympathy."

36. We nominate and appoint Mr. James Rae as the executor of this, our last will and testament.

In testimony whereof, we hereunto set our hand and seal (\$) and declare this to be our last will and testament in the presence of the witnesses named below, this eighteenth day of April, in the year nineteen hundred and seventeen.

HILDA E. OLSEN,
FLORENCE JENSEN,
ANDREW POHLOD.

Notary Public—Solomon Tintinger.



Class Poem

"June, nineteen hundred seventeen."
Those words spell joy supreme.
The wonderful realization,
Of each Senior's fondest dream;
The dream that one day we would stand
When four years had gone by,
As graduates of Seventeen
From dear old Great Falls High.
Today with hearts so happy
We wend our way through life,
Where happiness, joy and contentment
Are mingled with sorrow and strife.
But now all will be otherwise,
We'll have no common aim;
Each one will have his separate goal
Which before had been the same.
We depart with our lamps of knowledge
Which, polished, send their rays
To brighten the unknown pathway,
And dispel Tomorrow's haze.
We will ever put forth our best effort,
As the years grow old and new,
And to you our dear G. F. H. S.
We'll ever be loyal and true.

LAURA PEARSON.



IN MEMORIAM

Leslie Henry Hamilton

Class of 1916

G. F. H. S.

IN MEMORIAM

William Hamilton Steel

Class of 1911

G. F. H. S.

CLASS PROPHECY

NAME	Desire to Become—	Will Finally Become—	Favorite Occupation	Often Heard Saying—	To Let	Characteristics
Jeanette Mayland	Heart breaker	'Tis Greek to me	Cooking	"Really?"	Purple dress	Beauty
Hilda Olsen	Thinner	Thinnest woman in Kingdom	Doing math. for others	"Goodness me"	Red hair	Neatness
Ema Reip	Heaven only knows	Math. teacher	Gossiping	"Gosh"	Ability to work	That hair
Glady's Thayer	French maid	Artist's model	Frimping	"Oh, dear"	Cerise coat	Eyelashes
Inez Robbins	Milliner	Mancurist	Combing her hair	Has none	Link camisole	Sweet disposition
Mary Seelinger	A nurse	Private secretary to the governor	Dancing	"Good night"	Pretty eyes	Profile
Georgia Shaw	An actress	S. S. teacher	Reading the Bible	"Oh, jshaw"	Cold	Meekness
Helen Sullivan	Manager of S. & C.	Chiroprapist	Taking speed tests	"Sure I love him"	Height	Irish complexion
Mary Walsh	Private secretary	Office girl	Doing her hair	"Gee whizz"	Eyelashes	Hair
Helen Hill	Domestic science teacher	Missionary to Africa	Dancing	"Oh, girls"	Blue sweater	Democracy
Christa Pierce	Society butterfly	Latin teacher	Frimping	"Good heavens"	Dimples	Dimples
Don McKenzie	President of U. S.	Private	Arguing	"I don't know"	Anything	Smile
Walt Dotseth	Master violinist	Theatre magnate	Tending bars	"Say, what d'ya want?"	Violin	Golden locks
Glady's Olsen	Teacher	H. S. principal	Studying	"Oh, dear"	Kindness	Sweet disposition
Rob Moore	Movie actor	H. S. principal	Being dramatic	"Can you imagine it?"	White socks	Those blue eyes
Dee Brisette	Private secretary	French maid	Roller skating	"Gly Humpey"	"Hoop"	Hair
Margaret Eberl	Peacocks	Same	Sewing	"Gee"	Some of her disposition	Patience
Mev. Cotter	Navy officer	Lineman	Taking Forks apart	"I've got to come back to school"	Some muscle	Strength
Wallace Craig	Man of business	German teacher	Relating	"Ye gods"	Black and white shirt	Form
Howard Lease	African general	President of U. S.	Basketball	"Gosh"	Pompadour	Good looks
John Krieger	Business man	Leading man in class	Loating	"Get your own lessons"	Eyelashes	Cleverness
Howard Evans	Scientist	Soap box orator	Writing	"Avoid all girls"	Glasses	Brains
Jodie Wren	Reporter	Editor-in-chief	Powdering her nose	"Is my nose shiny?"	Red dressing sack	Anistocracy
Esther Swanson	Sulfragette	Instructor in English	Studying	"If silence were golden I'd be a millionaire"	Brans	Silence
Carl Spengler	Grocery boy	Business man	Chewing gum	"Five cents apiece"	A set of books	Feet
Emer Engberg	Chemist	Painter	Baschall	"Say"	Curling iron	Curls
Clarence Dalve	Hunter	A cook	Peddling papers	"Seen but not heard."	Knickers	Knickers
Nick Cassun	Minister	Head carrier	Making bombs	"Never heard him say"	Complexion	Dimple
Steward Tompson	Brakeman	Conductor	Turkey trotting	"How's your gal"	Knowledge	Walk
Gus Newmack	Principal Belt II. S.	Brick layer	Kidding	"I did it"	Ford	Egotism
Rob Smith	Private	Lieutenant	Knocking	"Ask me"	Peg top trousers	Pessimism
Solomon Tintinger	Electrical engineer	Lawyer	Arguing	"Keep traveling, you may arrive"	Football suit	Shrewd
Carl Suhr	Married	Manager G. F. Ice Co.	Peddling papers	"Have you seen Ruth?"	Simple in chin	Sweetness
Frances Lowrie	Economist	Socialist	Disagreeing	"Is that so?"	R.o	Brillancy
Nola Palmer	Artist	Same	Going to Palace	"Hail to tell"	Blarney	Prety
Anna Parker	Nurse	Country school teacher	Studying	Ask her	Glasses	Intelligence
Laura Pearson	Newspaper reporter	Noted poetess	Studying	"Say, girl"	Brans galore	Smiles
Bessie Webber	Teacher	Loved house wife	Gardening	"Silence is golden"	Talkativeness	Meek as Moses
Earl Littlejohns	Daniel Webster II.	Same	Orating	"Ugh, gosh"	Green suit	Blue eyes
Evelyn Johnson	Fascinating	Beauty doctor	Rooter	"Well-a—"	Brans	Ability to work
May Kelly	Orator	Loved wife	Speaking	"Good night"	Irish complexion	Sweet Temper
Olive Kimmierle	To put one over on Scott	Professor of language	Digging Latin roots	"I should worry"	Honors	Smile
Vedna Lewis	One of the ten	Valedictorian	Exercising brains		Common sense	Generosity

CLASS PROPHECY—Continued

NAME	Desire to Become—	Will Finally Become—	Favorite Occupation	Often Heard Saying—	To Let	Characteristics
Agnes Lundell	Ask her	Tennis champion	Talking	"Listen, kid"	Green skirt	Pink cheeks
Isabel Manthey	To learn to dance	Y. W. C. A. instructor	Explaining	"Goodness me"	Velvety eyes	Meekness
Walter Marron	Nothing	Hobo	Buying	"Waste makes waste"	Cue	Sweet and simple
Ambrase Ryan	Ask him	Time alone will tell	Buyers	"Waste as much time as possible"	Presidency	That cupid's bow
Albert Fousek	Procter	Tea commisssour	Smoking	"Black Eagle is the best"	Argumentative qualities	His hair
Fred Stimpert	Farmer	Doctor	Ask him	"Pay up when you can't get out of it"	Cheerfulness	Very dashing
George Slusher	To have some one believe what he says	"Honest lawyer"	Bluffing	"I studied the question"	"Gin fizz"	Very serious
Ernest Steele	Track star	Champion miller	Rondy	"There ain't no such animal"	Track suit	Neat, but not loud
Fred Springer	Secretary of state	Sane	Loafing	"He solemn"	Some temper	A typical "Swede"
Clarence Wiprud	Lecturer	Ambassador to Greece	Arguing	"I'm not so very good"	Monocle ribbon	More length than breadth
Andrew Pohlod	Sailor	Sea captain	Mathematics	"I never bothered any one"	Silence	Rashfulness
David Mills	Taller	Grocery clerk	Ask him	"How many, please?"	Pony	Business ability
Ruth Westerlund	Suffragette	Economist	Studying	"Oh Gee"	Blonde hair	Sweet disposition
Mary Wood	Red Cross nurse	Movie actress	Singing	"Where do you get that stuff?"	Red sweater	Eyes
Bertha Hogan	Stenographer	Housewife	Reading	"For the love of Pete"	Complexion	Good naturedness
Anna Hongan	Domestic science teacher	Dressmaker	Making hats	"Oh, my"	Grins	Eyes
Anna Mehl	Designer	Modiste	Playing the piano	"No, dear"	High boots	Little feet
Florence Jensen	Journalist	Editor of N. Y. Times	Reading	"I never use slang"	Hair ribbons	Knowledge
Josephine Kollenbaum	Teacher	Leading lady	Auto riding	Ask Hilda Olsen	Black eyes	Sunny nature
Maid Ranta	Butterfly	Hypnotist	Flirting	"Golly"	Popularity	Fickle
Estelle Bradley	Old maid	The same	Talking	"Yes, I know"	Giggles	Size
Esther Brauch	S. S. teacher	Preacher's wife	Strolling	"I guess so"	Beans	Form
Helen Brown	Modest housewife	Soda fountain clerk	Drumming	"Oh, laws"	Smiles	Gay
Vivian Bruneau	Theda Bara	Suffragette	Entertaining boys	"Really"	Headaches	Agreeable
Mary Buley	Gym teacher	R. B. coach	Paying R. B.	"Oh, heavens"	Muscle	Personality
Amy Burlingame	Artist	Noted artist	Minding grandmother	"Zowie"	Manners	Curious
Florence Cleghorn	School teacher	Stenographer	Studying	"I'll be scalped"	Glasses	Nervous
Catherine Clodt	Biology shark	Deaconess	Summing her hair	"Yes"	Blushes	Bashful
Mabel Edmonds	Head of brick yards	Queen of Oriental dancers	Running scales	"Oh, I don't know"	Silk socks	Harmless
Harriet Ferguson	Tallest woman in the world	Mayor of Sand Couce	Fishing	"Gee"	Height	Sweet disposition
Annabel Fowler	Head of Oil Co.	Carrie Nation II.	Swimming	"Isn't it awful?"	Arguments	Doing good
Edna Helmerick	Actress	Sis Hopkins II.	Roller skating	"Did you really?"	Launches	Amiable
Hazel Hillstrand	Red Cross nurse	Red Cross nurse	Walking	"I think so"	Brains	Hair
Boyd Davis	President of U. S.	Gum manufacturer	Eating pie	"Now girls"	Time	Lazy
Ruth Holkesvig	Movie actress	Manager G. F. Ice Co.	Peddling papers	"Honest, kid?"	Smile	Beauty
Leona Loftus	Highway belle	Farmer's wife	Giggling	"If you can't be heard, be seen"	Height	Grace
Mary Lloyd	Dressmaker	Modiste	Sewing	"A stitch in time saves nine"	Ability to work	Artistic ability
Leona Switzer	Movie actress	Cheese manufacturer	Kidding	"I don't know, do you?"	Red middy	I don't know, do you?

The Story of the Cowboy

As It Was Told Me by an Old-Time Rider of the Range

By CHARLES M. RUSSELL

I'm glad to see in the last few years that them that know the business have been writin' about cowpunchers, remarked the old-time cowpuncher. It begin to look like they'd be wiped out without a history. Up to a few years ago there's mighty little known about cows and cow people. It was sure amusin' to read some of them old stories about cow punchin'. You'd think a puncher growed horns 'n was haired over.

It put me in mind of the eastern girl that asks her mother: "Ma," says she, "do cowboys eat grass?" "No, dear," says the old lady, "they're part human," 'n I



don't know but the old gal had 'em sized up right. If they are human, they're a separate species. I'm talkin' about the old-time ones, before the country's strung with wire 'n nesters had grabbed all the water, 'n a cowpuncher's home was big. It wasn't where he took his hat off, but where he spread his blankets. He ranged from Mexico to the Big Bow river of the north, 'n from where the trees get scarce in the east to the old Pacific. He don't need no iron hoss, but covers his country on one that eats grass 'n wore hair. All the tools he needed was saddle, bridle, quirt, hackamore 'n rawhide riatta or seagrass rope; that covered his hoss.

A Cowboy's Outfit


The puncher himself was rigged, startin' at the top with a good hat—not one of the floppy kind you see in pictures, with the rim turned up in front. The top-cover he wears holds its shape 'n was made to protect his face from the weather maybe to hold it on, he wore a buckskin string under the chin or back of the head. Round his neck a big silk handkerchief, tied loose 'n in the drag of a trail herd it was drawn over the face to the eyes, hold-up fashion, to protect the nose 'n throat from dust. In old times, a leather blab or mask was used the same. Coat, vest 'n shirt suitin' his own taste. Maybe he'd wear California pants, light buckskin in color, with large, brown plaid, sometimes foxed, or what you'd call reinforced with buck or antelope skin. Over these came his chaparejos or leggin's. His feet were covered with good high-heeled boots, finished off with steel spurs of Spanish pattern. His weapon, generally a forty-five Colt's six-gun, which is packed in a belt, swingin' a little below his right hip. Sometimes a Winchester in a scabbard, slung to his saddle under his stirrup-leather, either right or left side, but generally left; stock forward, lock down, as his rope hangs at his saddle fork on the right.

By all I can find out from old, gray-headed punchers, the cow business started

in California, 'n the Spaniards were the first to burn marks on their cattle 'n hosses, 'n use the rope. Then men from the States drifted west to Texas, pickin' up the brandin' iron 'n lass-rope, 'n the business spread north, east 'n west, till the spotted long-horns walked in every trail marked out by their brown cousins—the buffalo.

Texas 'n California, bein' the startin' places, made two species of cowpunchers; those west of the rockies rangin' north, usin' centerfire or single-cinch saddles, with high fork 'n cantle; packed a sixty or sixty-five foot rawhide rope, 'n swung a big loop. These cow people were generally strong on pretty, usin' plenty of hoss jewelry, silver-mounted spurs, bits 'n conchas; instead of a quirt, used a romal, or quirt braided to the end of the reins. Their saddles were full stamped,



B. M. Russell


with from twenty-four to twenty-eight eagle-bill tapaderos. Their chaparejos were made of fur or hair, either bear, angora goat or hair sealskin. These fellows were sure fancy, 'n called themselves bucceroos, coming from the Spanish word, "Vacuero."

Came From Texas

The cowpuncher east of the Rockies originated in Texas and ranged north to the Big Bow. He wasn't so much for pretty; his saddle was low horn, rimfire or double-cinch; sometimes "macheer." Their rope was seldom over forty feet, for being a good deal in a brush country, they were forced to swing a small loop. These men generally tied, instead of taking their dallie-welts, or wrapping their rope around the saddle horn. Their chaparejos were made of heavy bullhide, to protect the leg from brush 'n thorns, with hog-snout chapaderos.

Cow punchers were mighty particular about their rig, 'n in all camps you'd find a fashion leader. From a cowpuncher's idea, these fellers was sure good to look at, 'n I tell you right now, there ain't no prettier sight for my eyes than one of those good-lookin', long-backed cowpunchers, sittin' up on a highforked full-stamped California saddle, with a live hoss between his legs.

Of course a good many of these fancy men were more ornamental than useful, but one of the best cow-hands I ever knew belonged to this class. Down on the Gray Bull, he went under the name of Mason, but most punchers called him Pretty Shadow. This sounds like an Injun name, but it ain't. It comes from a habit some punchers has of ridin' along, lookin' at their shadows. Lookin' glasses are scarce in cow outfits, so the only chance for these pretty boys to admire themselves is on bright, sunshiny days. Mason's one of these kind that doesn't get much pleasure out of life in cloudy weather. His hat was the best; his boots was made to

order, with extra long heels. He rode a centerfire, full-stamped saddle, with twenty-eight-inch tapaderos; bearskin anceroes, or saddle pockets; his chaparejos were of the same skin. He packed a sixty-five-foot rawhide. His spurs 'n bit were silver inlaid, the last bein' a Spanish spade. But the gaudiest part of his regalia was his gun. It's a forty-five Colt's silverplated 'n chased with gold. Her handle is pearl, with a bull's head carved on.

A Fancy Cow Dog

When the sunshine hits Mason with all this silver on, he blazes up like some big piece of jewelry. You could see him for miles when he's ridin' high country. Barrin' Mexicans, he's the fanciest cow dog I ever see, 'n don't ever think he don't savvy the cow. He knows what she says to her calf. Of course there wasn't many of his stripe. All punchers liked good rigs, but plainer; 'n as most punchers 're fond of gamblin' 'n spend their spare time at stud poker or monte, so they can't tell what kind of a rig they'll be ridin' the next day. I've seen many a good rig lost over a blanket. It depends how lucky the cards fall what kind of a rig a man's ridin'.

I'm talkin' about old times, when cowmen were in their glory. They lived different, talked different 'n had different ways. No matter where you met him, or how he's rigged, if you'd watch him close, he'd do something that would tip his hand. I had a little experience back in '83 that'll show what I'm gettin' at.

I was winterin' in Cheyenne. One night a stranger stakes me to buck the bank I got off lucky 'n cash in fifteen hundred dollars. Of course I cut the money in two with my friend, but it leaves me with the biggest roll I ever packed. All this wealth makes Cheyenne look small, 'n I begin longin' for bigger camps, so I drift for Chicago. The minute I hit the berg, I shed my cow garments 'n get into white man's harness. A hard hat, boiled shirt, laced shoes—all the gearin' known to civilized man. 'N when I pull on all this rig, I sure look human, that is, I think so. But them shorthorns know me, 'n by the way they trim that roll, it looks like somebody's pinned a card on my back with the words, "EASY" in big letters. I ain't been there a week till my roll don't need no string around it, 'n I start thinkin' about home. One evenin' I throw in with the friendliest feller I ever met. It was at the bar of the hotel where I'm camped. I don't just remember how we got acquainted, but after about fifteen drinks, we start holdin' hands 'n seein' who could buy the most and fastest. I remember him tellin' the barsalve not to take my money, cause I'm his friend. Afterwards, I find out the reason for this goodheartedness; he wants it all 'n hates to see me waste it. Finally, he starts to show me the town 'n says it won't cost me a cent. Maybe he did, but I was unconscious. 'n wasn't in shape to remember. Next day, when I come to, my hair's sore 'n I didn't know the days of the week, month or what year it was.

The first thing I do when I open my eyes is to look at the winders. There's no bars on 'em, 'n I feel easier. I'm in a small room with two bunks. The one opposite me holds a feller that's smokin' a cigarette 'n sizin' me up between whiffs while I'm dressin'. I go through myself, but I'm too late. Somebody beat me to it. I'm lacin' my shoes 'n thinkin' hard, when the stranger speaks. "Neighbor, you're a long way from your range."

"You call the turn," says I, "but how did you read my iron?"

"I didn't see a burn on you" says he, " 'n from looks, you'll go as a s'ck-ear. It's your ways, while I'm layin' here, watchin' you get into your garments. Now humans dress up 'n punchers dress down. When you raised, the first thing you put on is your hat. Another thing that shows you up is you don't shed your shirt when you bed down. So next comes your vest 'n coat, keepin' your hindquarters covered till you slide into your pants, 'n now you're lacin' your shoes. I notice you done all of it without quittin' the blankets like the ground's cold. I don't know what state or territory you hail from, but you've smelt sagebrush 'n drank alkali. I heap savvy you. You've slept a whole lot with nothin' but sky over your head, 'n there's times when that old roof leaks, but judgin' from appearances, you wouldn't mind a little open air right now."

This feller's my kind, 'n he stakes me with enough to get back to the cow country.



Haledictory

"WHAT NEXT"

You have come to our graduation with the interest of friends and relatives. You feel with us the importance of this time in our lives, the goal for which we have striven for twelve years with dreams of the wonder and glory of this event. These years have been a time of preparation and a period for the formation of character. We have, during this time, been unconsciously framing our ideals, but now the decisive point, the turning point has come, when we must put them into definite form.

We have been asking ourselves the question "What Next?" We must decide the answer now. In what shall we invest our life and talents? If our ideal is the gaining of money, or simply the cultivation of our own desires, perhaps the answer would be easier, but nowadays something more is demanded for a successful career. We naturally seem tempted to consider the material or personal advantages to be gained in choosing our life work, rather than to consider in what field we are adapted to be of the most service. The spirit of the present age is that genuine success is measured by one's greatest service to his fellow-man. If service is our aim, opportunities will appear in whatever field we are adapted to labor.

Our age is not lacking in heroic successes from which we may observe how to reach our ideals. Among them is Sherwood Eddy's notable work in the prison and training camps of Europe. After tactful persuasion, the Germans and English trusted him to introduce the Y. M. C. A. work into their camps, with the result that thousands of the soldiers have been saved from ruin morally and mentally. Stationery has been distributed among the soldiers enabling them to write home; study and reading clubs, orchestras, choruses, and bands have been organized; concerts and "movies" have been presented to relieve the men after long hours in the trenches. What are the essential sources of his success? We answer, his preparation and personality. The training of his mind and the knowledge of his work could not have availed without the vigor and appeal of a strong character. Technical preparation by itself is like a framework or skeleton, essential, but powerless without the heart and soul to furnish life.

The Ideal is the heart and soul, the incentive, the inspiration. It furnishes a point toward which to aim concentrated effort, and a new interest in life. It furnishes something to live for. Small difficulties appear in their true light, and one receives the courage to keep trying, when guided by a noble purpose. We are told that the advance of the Allies on the western front is continuously marked by less resistance on the part of the German soldiers. Their trembling eagerness to give the sign of surrender, and fall into the enemies' hands alive, is pitiful. Why has their morale become so dreadfully undermined? It is because of the loss of confidence in their cause. Since greed and selfishness can never furnish courage, the German soldiers are gradually losing their enthusiasm, their heart.

After the noblest desire of the heart has been established as life's objective, self-reliance opens up the way, and each succeeding step becomes

easier of accomplishment. Lincoln's conviction that he was the one who could guide our nation safely, led him to take each step alone in spite of censure, ridicule, bitter enemies, and the desertion of friends. How can we cultivate this essential foundation of determination? We gain this confidence by believing that man, God's work, is not inferior, but that the only inferiority in us is what we place there ourselves. Be steeped in the idea that failure is impossible, that success is certain, if faithful effort is made each day to reach the aim in view. In such a state of mind one unconsciously radiates success, with the result that others believe in him and furnish him with opportunities to show his worth. Carlyle expresses this truth in these words: "The block of granite which is an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong."

After the way has been opened, determination must accomplish the task. We are advised not to take too big a step at a time lest we get out of our depth, but to attack each day's tasks with vigor. The start is half the battle. Before we determine to master a task, it seems hard and unpleasant, but once started at the work, we are ashamed that we were afraid of something so easy. Self-respect will impel us to nurture determination if we thoughtfully consider the following words of Robert Herrick, "The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them; sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard, and make the impossibility they fear."

An example of the wisdom and activity that conquers difficulties is furnished by the little French heroine, Marcelle Semmer. She has been signally honored with medals, and acclaimed a heroine in the great hall of Sorbonne at Paris, where only world heroes, poets, and philosophers receive honors. Her home on the Somme river was in the midst of the trenches of the Germans and Allies. In the retreat of the Allies, after the defeat at Charleroi, she lifted the drawbridge across the Somme, dropped the key into the river, and thus delayed the German pursuit for almost twelve hours. She also served as a guide for the French soldiers through the marshy lands of the Somme. Again, she hid seventeen soldiers in a subterranean passage until they could escape into their own lines. Twice during this time, she fell into the hands of the German soldiers, but was miraculously rescued by the artillery of the Allies. Finally, her health was so impaired by exposure that she was forced to go to Paris. After she had regained her strength, she insisted on enlisting in the Red Cross service. These were her words, "I am an orphan and have but one mother—France."

We call the combination of a definite purpose, self-reliance, and determination, a strong personality. When we consider, we realize that no man has force without these characteristics. It is strength that appeals to men, and strong men, with service as their goal, win.

Dear Classmates, we are now facing as urgent a call to service as has ever been issued. Already some of our number have responded to the immediate need. We feel proud of them. We have just as truly felt the call, but it has seemed our duty to remain. Now we are free to enter upon the field of service with courage and enthusiasm.

Heretofore, we have been under the patient guidance of our instructors; now we alone are responsible for our success or failure. We feel grateful to them for their kind advice, which we are just now beginning to appreciate. To the principal, superintendent, and board of education, we give thanks for their continuous interest in our welfare. It is with their aid we have secured our preparation for service.

In view of the fact that the world is calling for young people with decision, with aspirations, let us do our part to satisfy this need. Let us make each day's efforts count in advancing us toward our goal and remember, our motto is "Dig."

VELMA LEWIS.



Diary of the Senior Class

In September, 1913

Almost 200 strong,
There wandered up to High School
A large and joyful throng.

Some were happy, some were gay
There was no sign of sadness,
We thought, I know not why
That naught reigned here but gladness.

We did not know that High School
Meant work from sun to sun,
We thought as only Freshmen do
It was the home of fun.

But we were soon enlightened
By friends and teachers dear,
That unless we worked much harder
We'd be Freshmen another year.

The work we were compelled to do
Was cruel beyond compare,
And we know now there is reason
Why Freshmen oft despair.

There was Latin with declensions
And history with its dates
And algebra with letters
Ah, cruel, cruel fates.

And when at last June did appear
There were many vacant places,
And gone from out that Freshman class
Were many well-known faces.

In September 1914

This throng again was seen
But now conceited Sophomores,
Who called the Freshmen green.

Then appeared geometry
With its angles, rules and arcs,
A study which one Sophomore said
Was only meant for sharks.

'Twas here, too, we met Caesar,
That man with brain so fine,
Who wrote about his Gallic War
And his bridge across the Rhine.

'Twas in this woeful Latin class
For failures to atone
That the gentle art of grafting
Did come unto its own.

But English, always the same,
Was our only consolation,
The reason that we liked it was
Because it needed no translation.

'Bout this time too, came Spanish
However it crept in,
But seldom did we dare to smite
For in Spanish that's a sin.

And so for months we struggled
And some so weary grew
That ere vacation time had come
They said that they were through.

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'Twas thus till June they labored
And blessed of Caesar's ghost,
And those that still were living
Had ample cause to boast.

After three short months of rest
This throng again appeared
But now they were called Juniors
And as such, no one they feared.

Still fortune did not favor them
But smiled maliciously,
When she beheld them floundering
In deepest chemistry.

She tormented them in German
With declensions, verbs, and rules,
Which almost made those Juniors wish
There were no such things as schools.

Physical geography
They knew no worry brought,
But after one short day of it
They had quite a different thought.

And what at this time should blow in
But solid geometry,
And then more "props" there was to learn
Now what could crueller be?

And so till June mid work and play
The Juniors spread their fame,
And strutted round with tight hat bands
Proud as Caesar of their name.

For June meant more than freedom,
It meant the Junior Ball,
The Reception and the Banquet,
And a wonderful time for all.

As Seniors in September
Of nineteen seventeen,
This self-same learned throng did come
Once more upon the scene.

But they were doomed to misery,
For whom should they then meet
But Physics, grim and terrible
With whom they must compete.

And then the many sleepless nights
On Physics problems spent!
It made those Seniors each confess
That to flunk they'd be content.

They read dear Virgil's poetry
About Queen Dido's fate
And the journey of Aeneas,
On account of Juno's hate.

Now in this class of Virgil
Most everything they'd say
From "variegated horses"
To "the dark of the second day."

German still pursued them
But she'd lost her gloomy hue.
'Twas fun to hear translations
More original than true.

Economics; there they learned
Some things they knew before,
But they took it, as they needed
In credits thirty-four.

Till June they thus enjoyed (?) their work
Then graduation came,
When they left the High School portals
To crown themselves with fame.

—LAURA PEARSON, '17.





Our thoughts end like a broom—in a thousand ends.
They ought to end like a bayonet—in a single powerful point.

✕ ✕

Fat girl,
Slippery Hall;
Little whirl,
No girl at all!

✕ ✕

He is one of our best,
He never says, "I'll leave it to the rest."
In football he is a wonder,
He seldom ever makes a blunder,
But in basketball he is our star,
He can shoot a basket ever so far,
Of him, surely, you have often read,
For his name is—Fred.

✕ ✕

Needles and pins,
Needles and pins,
When a student takes Latin
His trouble begins.

✕ ✕

Dear, dear Virgil,
Have you any heart?
If you had, you'd have used English,
Ere from earth you did depart.

✕ ✕

After man came woman,
And she has been after him ever since.

✕ ✕

The Ladies—God bless them—
They are to men the four rules of arithmetic:
They add to our cares,
They subtract from our pocketbook,
Multiply our joys,
Share our responsibilities.

✕ ✕

Don't knock and kick and slam and slap
At everybody on the map,
But push and pull and boost and boom,
And use up all the standing room.

✕ ✕

"Aufwiedersehen," she softly said,
And on the words he pondered oft,
And when they met, oh why, oh why,
Sie hat ein Mann und Kinder drei.

✕ ✕

I wish I were a rock,
A-settin' on a hill
A-doin' nothin' all day long,
But just a-settin' still.
I wouldn't sleep,
I wouldn't eat,
I wouldn't even wash.
I'd just sit still a thousand years,
And rest myself, b'gosh.

Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Fawcett,
I see you now,
Explaining that physics.
You surely know how.

✕ ✕

Mary had a little lamp,
A little lamp, no doubt,
Every time the beau came in,
The little lamp went out.

✕ ✕

I sat alone in the twilight,
Forsaken by God and man;
And murmur over and over:
"I'll never eat onions again!"

✕ ✕

I stole a kiss the other night.
My conscience hurts, alack!
I'll go back again tonight
And put the darn thing back.

✕ ✕

A is the maid with a winning charm;
B is the snug encircling arm.
"How many times does A go in B?"
She flushed and said with air sedate,
"It's not quite clear, please demonstrate."

✕ ✕

Mary had a goodly voice,
It was so rich and mellow
That everywhere that Mary went,
There also went a fellow.

✕ ✕

Billy's hair is surely red;
It naturally does curl—
That's why young Johnny's glad
That Billy is a girl.

✕ ✕

Fousek owned a little Ford,
Sweethearts had he many.
Fousek sold his little Ford
And now he hasn't any.

✕ ✕

O passi graviora! dabit deus his quoque finem!
So learned Virgil said.
I wonder if he thought we'd apply that
To his Aeneid when he was dead.

✕ ✕

The Lost Day

Who's seen my day?
'Tis sped away,
Nor left a trace
In any place.
If I could find
It's imprint on some mind,
Some spirit nature stirred
By deed of mine, or word,
I should not stand at shadowy eve
And for my day thus grieve and grieve.



The Other Mary

Old Madame Fenelon threw back the bed covers gingerly and raised herself, painfully, to a sitting position.

"Pierre," she called, harshly, then recalled herself, and muttered incoherent imprecations against the war that took one's only son, the cold, the cruel twinges of rheumatism that had twisted the knotty old hands into grotesque shapes. She reached for the heavy knitted stockings that hung over the foot-board of the crude, home-made bed, and with many gasps of pain succeeded in getting them over her swollen feet. She was too exhausted to complete the process of dressing, simple though it was, for she had lain in bed without food or drink for two days. So she dragged the pieced quilt from the bed, wrapped it around her wasted shoulders, and tottered across the bare, earth floor, trailing it after her.

When she reached the chair before the pathetically inadequate fireplace on which there was now only dead peat, she collapsed feebly into it, first bending over to rub her tortured leg, then leaning back, teeth clenched, sunken eyes closed.

Just two months before Pierre—her Pierre, so strong, so bubbling with life, so good to his old mere—had marched gaily away to help drive the "barbarians" from off the soil of beloved France.

"There is plenty of food until I return," he had assured her, "with the milk from old Bobine, and eggs from the poulettes." To be sure there was not much ready money—only six francs, to be exact—but what did an old woman need with money when her son would return so soon. Up to a few days before she had managed to care for herself fairly well, but then had come . . . the old woman's recollection of what followed was confused. There had been the thundering of horses' hoofs through the streets, and the steady tramp, tramp of marching hordes, loud boomings that shook the tiny cottage, cracks and shrieks and hissings and roarings, the glare of flames against the dull sky—then silence, a silence as awful, more awful than the mad outburst that had preceded it. That the tiny cottage had been saved by a miracle direct from the Holy Mother old Madame Fenelon did not doubt. She therefore reverently burned one of two cherished tapers before the print of the Virgin which hung over the bed.

When she had found sufficient courage to venture outside she thought that she had lost her senses. Perhaps her old enemy, rheumatism, had finally driven her mad—she had always feared that it would. Where was the holy cross that had always gleamed a benediction from the cathedral spire? Where was the cathedral spire? What place of the bad was this on which she looked with its gaunt black timbers sticking out at incongruous angles from skeleton buildings or standing in weird purposeless solitude? A terrible fascinating fear had possessed old Madame and she had stood outdoors too long in the cool of the late fall evening, so that the old pains had crept into her limbs and gripped her so cruelly that morning found her tied fast to her bed. Two days and nights she had agonized there with no Pierre to bring her hot food and to rub the aching limbs and help pray to the Virgin for relief.

After a few moments of rest the old woman again wavered to her feet, and, bent almost double—one misshapen hand grasping her knee, the other clutching the quilt about her throat—she hobbled toward the cupboard at the other extreme of the bare room. The tiny cottage had but the one room which served as living room, bedroom and kitchen; Pierre slept in the loft. In the cupboard was black bread, a cheese, a pan of milk and a bottle of wine.

The old mere tasted of the milk; it had soured, and one with "la misere" must beware of acid, for the pretre had so told her. She broke a piece from the huge loaf and munched it, while her trembling fingers cut the cheese. There was no water in the bucket; she looked longingly at the wine.

"For Pierre, that," she reproved herself sharply for the thought. "Pierre will come today—to his old mere—today—my Pierre—he cannot stay away when his old mother is sick—my little Pierre" She had been mumbling half aloud as she looked from the milk to the empty water bucket, from the bucket to the wine. She thrust a mug into the pan of thickening milk.

"It cannot do more than kill me, and the thirst will do that," as she eagerly swallowed it. Thus refreshed she made her way again to the bed and sank down upon it in exhaustion.

The sun was barely up next morning when Madame Fenelon was aroused from her troubled sleep by a thump on the door, as though someone had rapped with a light stick; then a voice called faintly, "Mere."

"Mon Pierre," cried the old woman in an agony of excitement. "Come in—come in vite to your old mere who is sick." Then, as there came no response, she dragged herself from the bed, and flung open the door. There before, lying face downward, both arms extended before him as he had made the supreme effort to reach the door step, was Pierre. The face was sunken and ghastly white; from the blue lips a thin stream of blood had wet the blue sleeve and was forming a tiny pool in the folds of the crimson trousers. She forgot the pains that wracked her old body as she dropped beside him and lifted his head into her lap, calling him baby names in dazed bewilderment and fright. The white lids barely fluttered and the lips formed the word, "Mere," then were quite still.

The sun rose higher and higher in the heavens, and still the woman sat dumb and motionless. High noon came and then the shadows began to lengthen, but the form of the woman was as rigid as that of the boy whose head was pillowed in her lap. Then suddenly, as thought had worked its way into her sodden brain, the woman gently laid her burden on the soft turf, rose stiffly, painfully, and groped her way into the room. From the cupboard she took the remaining taper and the few matches. Then she drew the heavy knitted stockings more closely around her withered limbs, thrust her feet into wooden sabots that stood near the bed, clutched the gay quilt once more around her neck and limped past the inert figure and out into the street. Her lips were moving as in prayer; her eyes were half closed. She paid no heed to the desolation about her but hobbled straight down the middle of the road, the trailing end of the quilt raising dust be-

hind her. She made a sharp turn to the right and stopped instinctively on the site of the old cathedral. A great mass of blackened ruins it stood, huge, weird, awful in the gathering twilight. By some force beyond her own she made her way into the midst of the debris and stood gazing dully around her. There, almost before her, stood the altar and above it a painting of the blessed Madonna. Wonder of wonders, miracle of all miracles: the good saints had protected the holy altar and the blessed Virgin even in the midst of the destruction of the "barbarians."

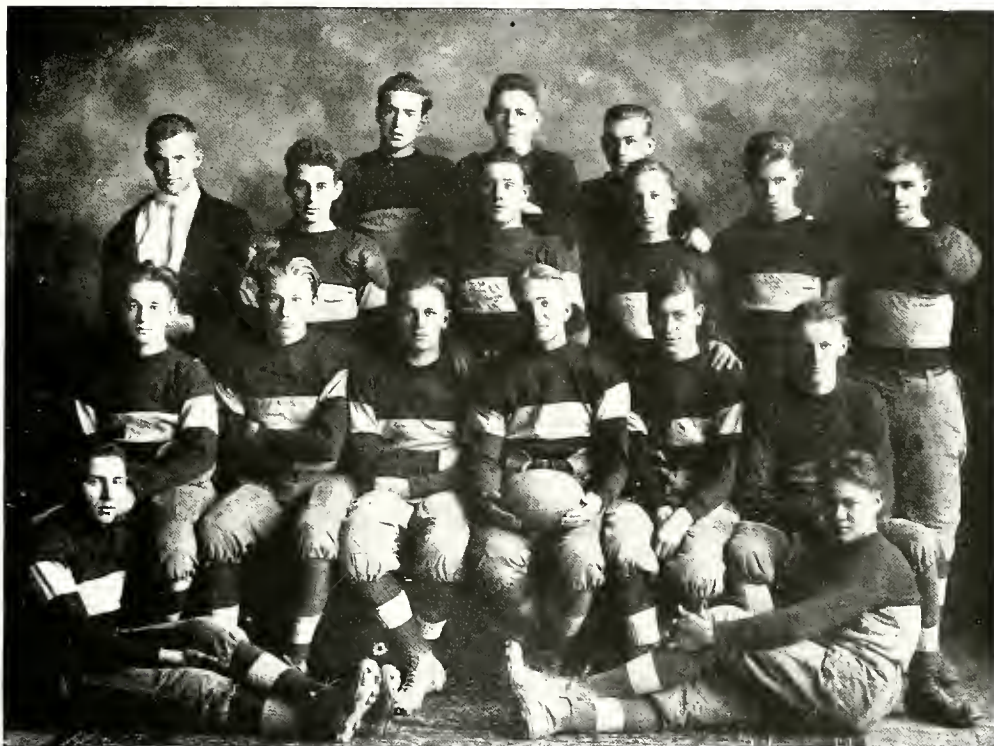
Her eyes fixed on the face of the holy Mother the old woman was about to drop to her knees and light the candle, when a sudden gleam of hatred displaced a look of adoration that had lighted her face.

"You dare to smile, you dare to look like that when they have killed my Pierre, my son?" she screamed out. "I come here to bless you, to ask your blessing when you let them kill my son? Ah, I hate you! You—you—!" And a gnarled withered, twisted hand reached for a rock. "You have never had your only little Pierre . . . !" Then almost as suddenly the raised arms dropped to her side, the rock rattling noisily to the paving. "But you did have a little Pierre—no, a little Jesus—and—and—they killed Him." The voice dropped to an awed whisper "and you can smile and—and—bless! And your name is Marie, and my name is—why—my name is also Marie!"

The gleam of hatred turned again to rapt adoration, and the trembling hand touched an allumett to the cherished taper. With great difficulty she made her way to the altar, placed the light upon it, and knelt before it. Once she looked up to see if the other Mary was watching her. The Holy Mary was still smiling, and the lips of the other Mary caught the smile as she bowed her head.

The shadows deepened; a last stray beam of sunlight filtered through the ruins, rested for a moment on a wonderful painting of the Virgin, then on a huddled figure, grotesque in a patched quilt, that had fallen forward among the rocks.—By Permission H. P. S.





G. F. H. S. FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row—Earl Fries, Jas. McBride, Ernest Steele.
 Second Row—Ernest Allen, John Baier, Ford Bailor, Jas. Buley, Angus Holmes, Lawrence Danley.
 Third Row—Earl Conrad, Wm. Hillerund, Ed. Gerber, Chas. Smith, Fred Springer, Walter Dotseth.
 Bottom Row—Chas. Lane, Robert Smith.

Football 1916-17

The football team which G. F. H. S. turned out last fall was one of which any school might have been proud. Although but three veterans appeared when practice began, Coach Crouch welded together as fine a football machine as this school ever boasted. By increasing efforts on the part of the coach and the players, the team was defeated but once during the season.

The first game was played with the Havre team. The field was a sea of mud and slush and Great Falls had no trouble in defeating Havre 36-0.

The second game of the season was with the much touted Lewistown eleven, and Great Falls won by a large score. It was in this game that Fred Stimpert, Great Falls' speedy quarterback, received injuries that kept him out of athletics for the rest of the year; and Charley Lane, our sturdy fullback, wrenched his knee so badly that he was unable to play the next game, which was with the Billings high. The weather conditions were ideal, and the wonderful team work and speed of the Great Falls eleven overwhelmed Billings, 20-0.

The last game of the season was against Butte, who, although having a heavy and experienced team, was played to a standstill in the first half by the light, faster team of G. F. H. S. In the second half, the weight of the Butte team enabled them to defeat G. F. But Great Falls holds the distinction of being the only team that crossed Butte's goal line this season.

Next year will see many veterans again in moleskins, and we will again try to drag Butte's colors in the dust.

HOWARD LEASE

ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917



G. F. H. S. ATHLETIC BOARD

Fred Stimpert
Frank Bondy

James Rae
Miss Anna Houliston

Carl Suhr
C. N. McMullen



BASKET BALL TEAM

Sheldon Hodges, Howard Lease, Mr. Crouch, Charles Lane, Walter Dotseth, George Stearns, Ernest Allen



GEORGE STEARNS

Sprinter

Winner of Silver Medal at Missoula, 1916.



Basketball 1916-17

Basketball season started auspiciously in G. F. H. S. Three men were left from last year's team, as well as men from the class teams. The first game of the season was played with Fort Benton on our floor. Great Falls had no difficulty in defeating this quintet, 32-12. The next game was with the champion Helena five, who defeated G. F. after a hard battle. After this game the goddess of fortune turned her face away from us. Four of the first team men were suspended because of an unconscious infringement of eligibility rules. The remaining man, Morarity, received injuries in the next game which barred him for the rest of the season. It was now necessary to build a new team, which was defeated by the Lewistown five after a hard fight, 17-25. The next week, the rejuvenated team journeyed to Fort Benton. A poor floor and careless refereeing greatly contributed to G. F. defeat. The next game was with Billings high, who defeated us 31-18.

The district tournament was held at Lewistown, the 23d of February. Lewistown won a hard-fought game, 38-20, and so won the right to represent this district at the Bozeman tournament. Next year's veterans and the men who were suspended at the beginning of the season will be eligible next year, and there is no reason why next year's team should not be a winner.

HOWARD LEASE

Star Boy

Hundreds and hundreds of years ago, in the midst of a fertile valley lay a circle of Indian tepees. The June moon shed its mellow light on the quiet, peaceful, Indian village. All the fires had long since been extinguished. The babies had been lulled to sleep by songs of bears and birds.

From the chief's tent, which stood in the center of the circle, Remia and Nonie came very stealthily, making their way down to the brook. Neither spoke until they reached the stream where they sat on the bank and spoke to two bright stars in the west. Nonie begged her star-sweet-heart to come down to her, because she had waited so long and had talked to him from so far away for such a long time. The star twinkled more brightly and seemed to say, "Do not be discouraged." Suddenly the girls were amazed to see the stars disappear and a few minutes later to hear footsteps approaching. Two young men came to them and said that they were their star sweethearts and had come for them. Remia said she wished to stay with her father but Nonie put her arms about Wehia's neck, for he was her star lover and closed her eyes as she was told. For several minutes they flew quickly through the air. When Nonie opened her eyes she was in a strange land, among strange people, who welcomed her and escorted her in a throng to her future home. Wehia's father had lately gone to the happy hunting ground and Wehia was chief.

Nonie loved her hero dearly and would have been perfectly happy if he had not been obliged to spend a great deal of his time hunting. During the time he was away and she had nothing to do, she roamed the hills picking wild flowers and digging wild turnips.

When a year had passed and spring came again, a little son was born in the chief's tent. Then Nonie was not so lonely. One day Wehia told her never to dig a certain kind of turnip, that had purple blossoms. He gave no reason and she often wondered about it. One day when Wehia had been gone for several days while wandering over the hills with her baby on her back she saw the purple blossoms and decided to dig a turnip. She dug and dug and tugged and tugged until at last she pulled it out. The root was large and very long, and left a large hole. Imagine her surprise and delight when she looked down and saw below, another world, and that other world was the old one she had left. She recognized the deep valleys and the trees in this new land. After putting a large rock over the hole she resolved to prepare to go back to her own land. So she worked steadily tanning buffalo hides and cutting them into strips. All winter she worked and in the summer she thought she had enough. So she braided the strips into a rope hundreds and hundreds of miles long.

She tied one end of the rope to a stake she had driven into the ground, near the hole and the other end around her waist. Then with her little boy on her back she slowly let herself down, and down until her feet reached the tree tops. Her rope was at an end and there she hung. That night Wehia missed her and frantically searched until he found the hole and saw her thus suspended. He threw down a large rock at the same time,

saying, "Kill her, but save the baby, his name shall be 'Star Boy.' The rock struck her head and he cut the rope. Mother and child fell to earth. The baby was unharmed. He stayed with his mother for several days. Every day he visited the corn field of Grandmother Cooley and ate the sweet corn from the cob. One day the old lady discovered a baby's foot prints in the garden and she traced them in the sand to the edge of a brook. The next day she turned herself into a weed in the garden, but the little boy sniffed and said, "Augh! I never saw that weed there before." So he went back to his mother. The following day she turned herself into a pebble. On the third day he was very hungry. He had eaten the berries, that he could reach, but he liked corn better. This time she turned herself into a large red ear of corn. The little boy exclaimed many times, "It smells awfully of an old woman around here," but at length he could resist no longer. Just as he was about to grasp the corn, the old woman grabbed him. He fought frantically to get loose. She asked him who he was, and he answered, "Star Boy." She promised him a bow and arrows, moccasins, and suits, so he went to live with her. One day he said, "Grandma, come with me. I am going to wake mother up. She has slept long enough."

He went to where his mother lay and cried, "Mother, look out! I might shoot you." He shot over her and she moved slightly. Again he warned her to be careful or he would shoot her. The third time as the arrow passed over her head she arose. Then Star Boy lived happily with his mother and grandmother.

When Star Boy was about sixteen years old there was a famine in the land. The buffaloes were scarce and all the corn had dried up. The people were starving. But Star Boy brought home a buffalo every day. His grandmother was so glad. She dried all the spare meat and stored it away.

One afternoon the men of a neighboring village were playing a game. They had given up going hunting because there were no buffalo to get. A crow sent by Star Boy hovered over their heads and dropped a piece of meat in their midst. There was a great scramble, but all were attentive when the crow began to speak. It said that Star Boy's grandmother had a whole tent of dried meat and he could lead them to it. In an instant the whole starving crowd was making its way to Grandmother's tent. She saw the clouds of dust and was afraid. The furious people violently seized everything they could lay their hands on. After they left Grandmother sat weeping, but still Star Boy said he would bring her some more. He set out immediately and came back with two large buffalo. In a short time she had another tent of meat.

Then Star Boy changed himself into a small, fat boy and he waddled over to the camp stricken by famine. The men taunted him. They poked his stomach with sticks and asked him how he got so fat and he said that his grandmother had a great deal of meat. So once more they rushed upon her and took away everything she had and left her crying, near her devastated home. Then Star Boy told her not to feel badly, because they were going away anyhow. He said he was going to take his mother home to her father who was mourning for her. So they traveled for four days.

On the fourth day Star Boy sent his messenger, the crow, to herald his coming, and the return of Nonie, the long lost daughter of Spotted Buffalo. At evening they arrived at the camp. The old chief was overjoyed. He had thought his daughter dead, and so had his smoke-covered tent outside of the circle, as was customary for mourners.

Star Boy put up a large new tent for him and all feasted and danced until early morning. From that day Star Boy was the most loved and bravest warrior in the land.

JOSEPHINE KOLLENBAUM.



The Passing Show

The High School had a Freshman class
And it was nice and green.
There was many a lad and many a lass;
Some fat and others lean.
They tagged about the Sophomore class,
'Twas not against the rule,
But then the Soph's loved not this mass
Of Freshies in High School.
"What makes the Juniors act so gay?"
The eager Freshmen cry,
"Why they're to give a ball, you know"
The Seniors do reply.
At last there comes the Senior class
They could almost shed a tear,
To think that should those Freshmen pass
They'd fill their place some year.

—AGNES LUNDELL. '17.



ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

Top Row—Gertrude Taylor, Evelyn Gross, Florence Gross.

Second Row—Mary White, Emma Meisenbach, Edith Pohlmeier, Ruth McMurtrey, Olive Kimmerle.

Third Row—Louise Hanneman, Opal McNinch, Nera Church, Ruth Woodward, Opal Clinkenbeard, Kathleen McLaughlin, Mary Hanson.



G. F. H. S. SENATE

Top Row—Everett Bolyeat, Albert Wiegand, Arno Albrecht, Carl Suhr, James Morris.

Second Row—Howard Evans, Howard Lease, Kenneth Hammaker, Donald McCaig, Ambrose Ryan, Albert Fousek, Wm. Regan

Third Row—Martin Carroll, Gerald Calvert, Joseph Wagner, Mr. Stine, Arthur Beecher, Louis Fousek.



HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Standing—Gerald Audersch, Robert Morris, Gerald Calvert.
Sitting—Herbert Onstad, Hugh Cameron, Miss Gordon, George Stearns, John Cameron



Opinions of Last Year at School

Ernest Clifford Steele—"Tough, ain't it?"
Albert Edward Fousek—"Last but not least."

Robert James Moore—"Free once more."
Frances Dora Lowrie—"It was worth all the rest."

Walter Peter Marron—"Best of all."
Carl Henry Suhr—"Good work counts in the long run."

Wallace Alexander Craig—"The hardest."
Clarence Leonard Dalve—"El trabajo hace la vida agradable."

Boyd E. Davis—"My very chains and I grew friends."

Walter Arnold Dotseth—"It feels funny to be happy."

Einar Arnold Engberg—"Last was the hardest."

Howard G. Evans—"It might drive some insane."

John Edward Krieger—"A pleasure."

Howard Stites Lease—"Best of all."

Ruth Christine Holkesvig—"I wish all years were Senior years."

Anna Hougan—"A year of expectation."

Helen Maxine Hill—"Wonderful."

Florence Vivian Jensen—"Over—nuff said."

Evelyn M. Johnson—"A year of good and bad times mixed."

Edith Marion Judson—"What one could be better?"

ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917

- May Winifred Kelly—"Let the dead rest in peace."
- Olive Lucille Kimmerle—"Oh! you who have suffered greater wrongs, a god will surely bring an end to these."
- Josephine W. Kollenbaum—"Not so worse"
- Velma Lewis—"Perhaps in after years it may please us to remember even this."
- Albert E. Littlejohns—"Labor conquers all things."
- Donald McKenzie—"Not much."
- Gustave Nicholas Newmack—"Most strenuous."
- Andrew Pohlod—"Best of all."
- Ambrose A. Ryan—"Have had a good time despite the efforts of my teachers to make me work."
- George Slusher—"Last but not best."
- Robert Jess Smith—"How long it has been."
- Fred J. Springer—"Too great for words."
- Fred Dewey Stimpert—"One thing after another."
- Mary E. Buley—"Best of all."
- Amy L. Burlingame—"The Senior's life is the life for me."
- Florence Chellquist—"The time when you study the least and think you know the most."
- Catherine L. Cloit—"My last year was good, worth all the rest."
- Margaret E. Eberl—"Might have been worse."
- Harriet Ferguson—"Most profitable of all."
- Annabel Fowler—"Greatest joy when done."
- Edna Helmerich—"Why aren't others like it?"
- Hazel Hillstrand—"Last but not least."
- Bertha Hagen—"Not what it is cracked up to be."
- Estelle Bradley—"Glad I stuck to it."
- Esther Branch—"Glad it's all over."
- Rosedelima Brisette—"Shortest and happiest."
- Jodie Lee Wren—"Great."
- Ruth Westerland—"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."
- Helen Sullivan—"One continual round of pleasure."
- Leona Mae Switzer—"I could be arrested for my thoughts."
- Esther Swanson—"A flowery bed of ease—(?)"
- Mary May Webber—"Called upon to bear nothing that had not been borne before."
- Mary Isabel Wood—"I did it once, but never again."
- Inez Elfreda Robbins—"Thot I'd die, but am still alive."
- Mary Catherine Seelinger—"Could have been worse."
- Georgia Elizabeth Shaw—"Not so bad after all."
- Helen Katherine Sullivan—"One continual round of pleasure."
- Nola Palmer—"I like my last year."
- Annamae Parker—"Four hard years of study."
- Laura Pearson—"Freshmen work from sun to sun, but Senior's work is never done."
- Clista Edith Pierce—"Just found out how little I know."
- Erma Riep—"Just found out how much I didn't know."
- Mary Jane Lloyd—"Some year."
- Leona Loftus—"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these: "It might have been—worse."
- Agnes Lundell—"Glad that it's over, but am glad I had it."
- Isabel Manthey—"Since it's passed, I believe I enjoyed it."
- Jeanette Mayland—"Last but not least."
- Anna Rena Mehl—"Could be worse."
- Gladys Odson—"Hard labor rewarded with an invitation to resign."
- Hilda Olsen—"A combination of misery and happiness."
- Laura Olson—"Last but not least."
- Solomon Tintinger—"Hardest but most interesting."
- Mabel Edman—"Glad it's over."
- Clarence Wiprud—"Too tired to think."
- Roy Wilkes—"Last in a lifetime."
- Majel Banta—"Best of all."

Senior "Want Ads"

1. Ambrose Ryan—a cot with an extension.
2. Jodie Wren—a job on the Tribune staff.
3. Melvin Cottier—something to draw.
4. Georgie Slusher—an alarm clock.
5. Majel Banta—a Maxim silencer.
6. Wallace Craig—a few more German books.
7. Helen Brown—a chocolate eclair.
8. Albert Fousek—a chance to meet all the new girls in Assembly.
9. Velma Lewis—a forty-eight hour day.
10. Fred Stimpert—another chance to play football.
11. Olive Kimmerle—Long's English Literature.
12. Laura Pearson—a locker key.
13. Walter Dotseth—hair dye.
14. Dee Brisette—a few more credits.
15. Walter Marron—some one to "fuss."
16. Isabel Manthey—An amateur armature.
17. Boyd Davis—freckle remover.
18. Leona Loftus—a chance to learn more Spanish.
19. Gladys Odson—just one more question.
20. Howard Evans—a book on ready conversation.
21. Nola Palmer—fast train to Cascade.
22. John Krieger—something to laugh over.
23. Margaret Eberl—a megaphone.
24. Laura Olson—a new vocation.
25. Earl Littlejohns—a seat in the real Senate.
26. Anna Parker—a cure for boisterousness.
27. Vivian Bruneau—a rubber hat.
28. Helen Hill—some one to cheer up.
29. Gus Newmack—some one to argue with.
30. Clista Pierce—a looking glass.
31. Amy Burlingame—a sweater.
32. Donald MacKenzie—a square meal.
33. Anna Mehl—a home in Dutton.
34. Mabel Edman—another subject.
35. Andrew Pohlod—more German.
36. Robert Moore—a fan for flirtation.
37. Hilda Olsen—a cure for joy.
38. Esther Swanson—soft pedal for her voice.
39. Mary Lloyd—another typewriter.
40. Mary Seelinger—an egg sandwich.
41. Howard Lease—a place on the "ten."
42. Ruth Holkesvig—someone this time next year.
43. Georgia Shaw—one more semester.
44. Frances Lowry—another course of Economics.
45. May Kelly—a recipe for growing.
46. Ernest Steele—the Paris to close at six on Saturdays.
47. Anna Hougan—more Oratory.
48. Clarence Wiprud—telegraph apparatus.
49. Fred Springer—a date in the afternoon.
50. Josephine Kollenbaum—another part.
51. Bessie Webber—hair tonic.
52. Leona Switzer—someone to yell at.
53. Jeanette Mayland—a ten year high school course.
54. Irma Riep—more tears.
55. Florence Jensen—a laboratory O. K.
56. Evelyn Johnson—a permanent reducer.
57. Mary Wood—somebody to walk home with.
58. Edith Judson—a lemon drop.
59. Carl Suhr—a fountain for his pup.
60. Solomon Tintinger—something to get wise about.
61. Florence Chelquist—a chance to teach.
62. Agnes Lundell—a book to ask for.
63. Esther Brauch—a new jitney.
64. Mary Buley—some good nature.
65. Anabel Fowler—one more course in Domestic Science.

—FLORENCE JENSEN.

Excitement and Then Some

A cold March wind was howling fiercely, and seemed to bear down upon the little station with great fury. Bill Symes, the night operator, alternately slept, telegraphed, and reviled lonely way-stations, railroads, and other things in general.

Bill was lonesome. There was no use in denying that. He longed for his old Southern home, for company, for anything to divert his thoughts.

"If," he thought, "I could only do something to win recognition from the road officials, and in that way secure promotion to some large town, where I could meet people, and really live like a civilized person."

But there is an end to all things except work, or, if not an end, there is a turning point, and so it proved to be with Bill.

His wish for company was soon gratified. He was glad to hear the outer door open, and he cordially returned the greetings of "Reddy" Burns, the third trick man, as he settled down by the stove.

Suddenly Bill's interest was called to the wire, as Woodvill, a small station about twenty-five miles up the line, reported that the private car belonging to the superintendent of the road was on the train which would arrive at one o'clock.

Now here comes the inevitable "woman in the case," and Bill knew the woman, or girl, the daughter of the superintendent, whom he had met the previous summer. In Bill's mind Evelyn occupied an entirely different place than other matters pertaining to the road; furthermore, he was sure that she would accompany her father on this trip.

Soon it was midnight, and "Reddy" was to go on duty in place of Bill.

"Say," said Bill, "I've several letters to write, and if you want to, you can go to sleep until number eleven comes in, then I'll call you."

"Reddy," only too anxious to get a little extra sleep, at once agreed, and soon his deep, regular breathing proclaimed the fact that he was "safe in the arms of Morpheus."

Life in a telegraph office would indeed be dull without some excitement or adventure. Bill loved both, but on this night he was destined to have more than he had ever wished for.

He heard heavy foot-steps outside, and two ruffianly-looking men came up to the window. They could not intend to take a train at this time of night. Bill spoke to them at the ticket window and received the rough question, "When does the next passenger train come, kid?"

"Oh, in about fifteen or twenty minutes I guess, but we never have any passengers for number eleven, so the train won't stop."

"We'll come in and wait. Maybe we can jump on when it comes."

Bill let them in, and, after they had stood near the stove, one of the men made a quick backward movement, and Bill found himself looking into the muzzle of a long-barrelled "forty-five."

"Guess we got you kid," sneered one of the ruffians, "Now get busy

GREAT FALLS HIGH SCHOOL

Twenty-fifth Annual

COMMENCEMENT

High School Auditorium, Thursday Evening

JUNE 7, 1917

PROGRAMME

May Time (Clara Ross Ricci)	Girls' Glee Club
Invocation	Rev. A. E. Foutch
The Mission of Music in Every Day Life, and Salutatory	Olive Kimmerle
Ellis Island	Vivian Bruneau
Those Every-day Heroes	Florence Jensen
Smile Up Your Face	Hilda Olson
Heritage of American Youth	Anna Parker
Merry June (Oxon)	Girls' Glee Club
The Spirit of the Red Cross	Edith Judson
Pioneers	Laura Pearson
Universal Service	Esther Swanson
Vocational Training for Girls	Laura Olson
What Next? Valedictory	Velma Lewis
(a) Through a Primrose Dell	Stroff
(b) 'Tis Springtime on the Eastern Hill	Whelpley
Miss Julia G. Gordon	
Presentation of Class	Supt. S. D. Largent
Presentation of Diplomas	Chairman J. W. Roberts
Presentation of Woehner Medal	Vice-Chairman W. R. Luke
America	Audience
Benediction	Rev. Ira H. McClymonds

Accompanists

Miss Ruth McMurtrey
Miss Olive Sorrick

and make out an order for the freight to meet the passenger train at Clemmons."

Quick as a flash Bill saw the man's plan. The freight train would proceed, and crash into number eleven and—Evelyn—somewhere in the wreck——

He could not touch his key, or call for help in any way.

Suddenly the sound of "Reddy's" snoring disturbed his thoughts. "Reddy" was asleep on the far table, and in the drawer of that table was the little pearl-handled revolver he had brought from home.

That snore was his inspiration. If he could only wake Reddy, so he could get the revolver out of the drawer.

"Well, you have got me all right," he said, nonchalantly, as he took an order blank and a pencil out of his pocket, as if he intended to take down any order they might dictate. Then he tapped his teeth with the pencil, and succeeded in tapping out the words, "There is a revolver in the drawer", by means of the code used for train order signals.

Like most telegraph operators, instantly alert when they hear their signals, "Reddy" awakened, and, taking the situation in at a glance, he slid the drawer out and drew out the revolver. Suddenly he rolled from the table.

"Hands up!" As both men turned, Bill jumped up, and brought his chair down on the gunman's shoulders, and grabbed the fallen man's gun, covered his companion, while "Reddy" disarmed him.

And now how else could the story end? Just as the operators had assumed control of the situation, the passenger train rolled in. The bandits were captured, and sent on to the nearest jail.

As for Bill and Evelyn—well, after the ceremony, Bill remarked, "Red was all right, even if he did snore!"

FLORENCE JENSEN, 1917.



"In April," 1917

The North Wind's mighty blast,
Which we thot long was past,
Has come again!
"In April."

The furs so long laid away,
Are out again today,
Winter's king again!
"In April."

The birds that long have flown
From their warm Southern home,
Fly back again!
"In April."

No fresh green shoots are there,
To smile in the sweet warm air,
Never again!
"In April."

The brooks that thot they were free,
Like the frozen sap in the tree;
Sleep again!
"In April."

The boys whose sleds were laid away,
Have brought them out today,
To ride again!
"In April."

When trees should all be green,
And fragrant flowers be seen,
We have snow again!
"In April."

—A. POGREBA, 1920.



JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

James McBride
President

Natalie Townsend
Secretary

Frank Bondy
Vice President

Mildred Brown
Treasurer

The Junior Banquet

Friday, June 8th, the Junior class will give a banquet in honor of the Senior class. Besides the Seniors, the guests of honor will be: Mr. and Mrs. Largent, Mr. and Mrs. Rae, and Miss Kocken.

Robert Morris, '18—Toastmaster.

Address of Welcome—James McBride, President class of 1918.

Response—Ambrose Ryan, President class of 1917.

Address—Mr. Rae.

Vocal Solo—Mary Wood, '17.

The Era of the Automobile

Racers	Howard Lease, '17
"I go, I go, look how I go, Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow."	
Fords	Amy Burlingame, '17
"The way to bliss lies not on beds of down."	
Trucks	Evelyn Gross, '18
"Their earth-convulsing wheels affright the city."	
Limousines	Martin Carroll, '18
"Best of comfort, and ever welcome to us—Welcome lady."	
Service Cars	Miss Kocken
"Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise."	

The banquet will be followed by a reception in the Palm Room, at nine o'clock. The Seniors will again be guests of honor. The members of the Faculty and friends invited by the Juniors will be guests.

Juniors

Bergstrom, Edward
Cameron, Hugh
Cameron, John
Fries, Earl
Hektner, Hilmar
Lane, Charles
Anderson, Olga
Dieterle, Corine
Nelson, Josephine
Thayer, Gladys
Bondy, Frank
Bradford, Truman
Hanneman, Carl
Hodges, Sheldon
Holmes, Angus
McBride, James
Mitchell, Fergus
Morris, Robt.
Nollar, Perry
Potce, Chauncy
Regan, William

Rinan, Julius
Smythe, Lewis
Strand, Robert
Swanson, Ernest
Wiegand, Albert
Agnew, Elizabeth
Askew, Edith
Bariett, Alta
Bridge, Ruth
Chellquist, Marion
Clinkenbeard, Opal
Denson, Frances
Douglas, Miriam
Ford, Irene
Foulkes, Mildred
Gross, Evelyn
Hagen, Dorothy
Haight, Ethel
Hanneman, Louise
Johnson, Elsie

Koll, Catherine
Littlejohns, Ethel
Lockeman, Katherine
Marston, Eleanor
Martin, Thora
Maurer, Mable
Mayer, Virginia
McDermard, Jessie
Mitchell, Ellen
Morehead, Bernice
Pogreba, Gertrude
Pohlmeyer, Edith
Polich, Mary
Shiell, Winifred
Stariha, Mary
Townsend, Natalie
Trackwell, Rosemary
Turner, Clara
Weller, Lavina
Wocasek, Frances



Sophomores

Boys

Albrecht, Arno
Angland, Philip
Angland, Maudie
Bailor, Ford
Beecher, Arthur
Bouton, Harry
Buchanan, Frances
Burghardt, Edward
Calvert, Gerald
Campbell, Ray
Carroll, Martin
Clingan, Arthur
Collins, Lee
Danley, Lawrence
Donohue, John
Dwight, Grant
Ekstrom, Stewart
Evans, James
Fairfield, Jack
Flegal, Bryson
Fousek, Louis
Fox, Leo
Graffin, John
Haag, Edison
Hammaker, Kenneth
Harmon, Seth
Holkesvig, Walter
Holyoak, Albert
Jackson, William
Jarnot, Joseph
Kimmerle, Huber
Koltenbronn, Frank
Lampen, Arthur
Lindseth, Joseph
McMahon, Clark
Marston, Chauncey
Martin, Tony
McQuaid, Arthur
Melich, Arthur
Moon, Eugene
Moriarty, James
Moriarty, John
Morris, James
Pierce, Gordon
Quilter, Royal
Restelli, Mario
Riley, Harold
Santschi, Albert
Schroeder, Carl
Stablein, Brimson
Stearns, George
Stearns, William
Stewart, John
Swain, Robert
Taylor, Scott
Tenny, Howard

Terrill, Frank
Thoren, Oscar
Thorson, Carl
Volk, Dewey
Wagner, Joseph
Wright, Donald
Young, Thomas

Girls

Afflerbach, Imgard
Albrecht, Elsa
Auerbach, Pauline
Baier, Agnes
Bailey, Lois
Beatty, Audrey
Barker, Irene
Boyd, Agnes
Brandriff, Ione
Brisette, Mariette
Bristol, Florence
Brown, Mildred
Carr, Celia
Carr, Elsie
Carr, Mahelle
Church, Nora
Conrad, Frances
Cooke, Evelyn
Creveling, Ruth
Crowe, Lida
Cullen, Beulah
Davis, Glessner
Delphy, Hattie
Downing, Edith
Eberl, Edna
Elliott, Vernal
Ellis, Edna
Ewinsky, Martha
Ford, Marguerite
Fergus, Eleanor
Frazier, Kathryn
Gardner, Edith
Gaylord, Alice
Gemberling, Florence
Gemberling, Gertrude
Gerber, Bertha
Golder, Hazel
Gross, Florence
Haight, Marjorie
Hanneman, Myrtle
Harvey, Vivian
Heller, Edythe
Higgins, Frances
Hillstrand, Mildred
Holmes, Jessie
Holzberger, Mabel

Humble, Best
Huseth, Ethel
Johnson, Alleda
Johnson, Helen
Johnson, Lillian
King, Mary Grace
Lane, Bessie
Longway, Margaret
Mahoney, Alice
Mahoney, Nellie
Marshall, Bessie
McCallum, Margaret
McElliott, Irene
McLaughlin, Kathleen
McMahon, Mary
McMurtrey, Ruth
McNinch, Opal
Meisenbach, Emma
Mettler, Helen
Muhlig, Theresa
Noble, Dorothy
Noble, Nonceta
Oliver, Dorris
Oslund, Eva
Parker, Edythe
Peterson, Edith
Pederson, Eerine
Pohlod, Lucile
Reed, Elizabeth
Schultz, Emma
Scrivens, Leota
Sharpe, Virginia
Shaw, Margaret
Shaw, Mildred
Short, Marion
Simes, Watie
Stainsby, Sarah
Stariha, Martha
Staffer, Ruth
Steck, Elsie
Sullivan, Florence
Taylor, Gertrude
Teague, Bce
Thisted, Helen
Thompson, Anita
Thorson, Emma
Townsend, Claribel
Trodict, Marguerite
Trodict, Rosetta
Wall, Ruth
White, Mary
Wilkes, Mabel
Williams, Louise
Wilson, Harriett
Woodward, Claudia
Woodward, Mildred
Woodward, Ruth
Wryn, Irene

Freshmen

Boys

Albrecht, Helmuth
Alladr, Julian
Andersch, Gerald
Allen, Ernest
Anderson, Marcus
Anderson, Noel
Anthony, Carlos
Baier, Fritz
Balyeat, Ernest
Bayleat, Everett
Banta, Teddy
Bartle, William
Barto, Clayton
Biallas, Aloysius
Borgreen, Levi
Brown, William
Buley, Joseph
Burgess, Herbert
Burrus, Harlan
Cloidt, Joseph
Collins, Talmage
Cottier, Gordon
Croteau, Fred
Dalton, Bruce
Davis, William
Denton, Raymond
Denton, Samuel
Denton, Wortham
Dickinson, Chris
Dickinson, Edward
Duncan, Claude
Ek, Alvin
Evans, Kenneth
Evans, Miller
Foutch, Paul
Gies, Oliver
Gjullin, Robert
Golob, Frank
Goodman, Henry
Gordon, Alex
Graham, James
Green, Frank
Greytak, Albert
Hauey, Cardwell
Hartwig, Walter
Hillerud, William
Hoag, Walter
Holmes, Earle
Holzberger, Fred
Horton, Roland
Horton, Roy
Hosking, William
Howard, Arthur
Jessen, Leonard
Johnson, Carl
Johnson, Robert
Klemens, Joseph
Lapp, Burton
Long, Gerald
Lauckner, Carl
Lowney, Frank
Luther, Herman
Luther, Otto
Lynch, Paul
Lynch, Thomas
Lyons, Patrick
Maxson, Elwin
Marshall, William
Matz, Peter
McAllister, Lewis
McCaig, Donald
McCormick, Corneill
McDermand, Wilson
McDonald, John
Miller, John
Mock, Gerald
Monsos, Irving
Nelson, Clarence
Noble, Francis

Nordquist, Gustave
Oakland, DuWayne
Oliver, Lowell
Onstad, Herbert
Patterson, Gordon
Pearson, Thomas
Peterson, Arthur
Pettibone, Eugene
Pierce, William
Pogreba, Albert
Porter, Ted
Prevolshek, Frank
Puhlin, Fred
Renner, Raymond
Risley, Harold
Schultz, Edward
Schultz, Frank
Schwingle, Milton
Seelinger, William
Semmingsen, Walter
Shiell, Edgar
Suhr, Edgar
Teague, Bruce
Thomas, William
Thoren, William
Turner, Harold
Udine, Edgar
Ulery, Clark
Van Inwegen, Clifford
Wall, Carl
Webber, William
Weir, Walter
Wildekopf, Paul
Wimmer, Lyle
Wochner, Fred
Wolf, Gerald

Girls

Albrecht, Alma
Anderson, Elvira
Andrew, Lois
Andrews, Charlotte
Askew, Hazel
Babcock, Margaret
Ball, Helen
Bergod, Gerturde
Bouton, Eunice
Bretall, Florence
Bretall, Mabel
Bridgeman, Dorothy
Bristol, Lucille
Bruneau, Frances
Brunner, Marion
Bulmash, Elizabeth
Burleigh, Viola
Chittum, Shirley
Church, Mary
Collins, Mary
Collins, Ruby
Comer, Mary
Dalby, Erma
Dalve, Hazel
Danley, Maxine
Davis, Lenora
Davis, Mildred
Day, Edna
Day, Eva
Denton, Mary
Dickson, Jessie
Dirkes, Frances
Eberl, Tracy
English, Blanche
Fitzgerald, LaVerne
Foulkes, Grace
Frisbee, Margaret
Fullmer, Thelma
Galusha, Lucille
George, Louise
Gibson, Helen
Gourley, Helen

Greer, Lucille
Griffiths, Alberta
Grills, Adele
Hansen, Mary
Harrington, Alice
Hastings, Bessie
Hendrickson, Geordies
Henzie, Ursula
Hodge, Nellie
Hougan, Edna
Hibbotson, Mary
Jenkins, Viola
Johnson, Eula
Johnson, Neva
Jones, Alice
Jones, Edith
Jones, May
Jorgensen, Anna
Julian, Ellen
Kauffman, Alice
Kennedy, Helen
Knott, LaNita
Lake, Helen
LaMere, Marie
Lamont, Ruby
Lapp, Ruth
Leggett, Helen
Lehman, Catherine
McGovern, Beatrice
Melich, Marguerite
Miles, Helen
Miller, Olive
Mitchell, Rachel
Modd, Irene
Morehead, Jessie
Mullery, Jeannette
Murray, Marjorie
Nara, Irene
Nelson, Myrtle
Nelson, Vivian
Noble, Alice
Nollar, Ezora
Norling, Jeannette
Oertel, Hilda
Olson, Ruth
Olson, Hilma
O'Leary, Gladys
O'Krusch, Linda
Paige, Hettie
Palmer, Catherine
Patterson, Eugenia
Patterson, Ida
Peacock, Bessie
Pogreba, Josephine
Pohlmeyer, Ellen
Onilain, Ellen
Rector, Dorothea
Wachsmuth, Dorothea
Roberson, Roxie
Rule, Helen
Sanden, Gladys
Schroeder, Agnes
Simpson, Ellis
Singer, Josephine
Snook, Anna
Stanich, Fannie
Tear, Margaret
Tootell, Dorothy
Ulery, Virginia
Veliganje, Amanda
Wachsmuth, Dorothea
Warden, Helen
Watson, Ellen
Watson, Ellen
Weaver, Dorothy
Weeks, Margaret
White, Alma
White, Blanche
Williams, Grace
Woodward, Margery
Zimmerman, Louise



Athletic Diary

After vacation all was o'er,
We started back to school once more.
"Smith" with all his men
Started out for football again.

200 new Freshmen small
Were running up and down the hall,
Sophomore and Junior too
Many of them were also new.

Football talk was all the go.
Best of High School sports you know:
Practice going every day
Everything on, in full sway.

Played Havre amid snow and rain,
Beat them badly just the same.
The ball was like a lump of lead,
Boys were surely almost dead.

Jim, cheer leader of the school,
As "pep" injector was a jewel,
We practiced yells day after day,
Preparing for the big Butte fray.

The next game played was Lewistown,
We sent them home with their heads down.
Big "Bull" and all his gallant men
Had lost another game again.

Billings came the following week,
G. F. H. S. they claimed they'd beat,
But their fellows couldn't play.
Score stood 20-0 for us that day.

The game with Butte was all the talk,
"Stimp" hurt his foot and couldn't walk.
Tickets like hot cakes sure did go—
Championship game,—our hopes did grow.

We had a banner on every street,
Saying, Butte we will now beat.
But when at last the great day came,
We up and lost that precious game.

Football season over for awhile,
Players all wore a pleasant smile.
Basketball playing started again,
Practicing every day in the Gym.

The Thankful day came—
We had no football game,
But we spent it best we knew,
Same as we always do.

Christmas with all its joys
Was the right time for us boys.
We had only a little snow,
Yet 'twas 35 below.

We returned once more;
Back to the old school door.
Exams but two weeks away.
We studied night and day.

At last they came,
But we played the game
The best way we knew,
And just barely got through.

Basketball was going well;
The boys' heads began to swell.
Learning signals and fancy plays
Made Old Fort Benton's team gaze.

Helena came down for a game,
We got beat. O! what a shame.
We would have beat the capitalists
If we were just a bit more swift.

The boys played outsiders too,
Made the coach feel pretty blue,
For it cost him four good men—
Four new ones to break in then.

Lots of ice and not much snow,
Only 45 below.
Kept up for a week or two—
We all began to feel quite blue.

Then the sun began to shine,
Everything was looking fine.
And the wind blowing hard
Was as sharp as a sword.

Game with Fergus, and Benton too,
Was a good trimming by both, 'tis true.
But they worked hard anyway—
District tournament but a month away.

Boys went to Lewistown—some treat.
Had a good time and got beat.
And now the great men are all dead,
It is time for us to get ahead.

Ronndup started with a rush.
Getting ads was quite a fuss.
Snow is melting fast away;
Sun is shining hard each day.

Track men came out one by one;
Some could jump and some could run.
Play started with a jerk—
It kept 21 hard at work.

Juniors-Seniors had a game,
Both fighting for class fame.
And when the whistle it did blow,
We lost, too bad, though.

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St. Pat's day is but once a year;
Green bows and tags we all did wear.
Some were big and some were small,
Something green on us all.

Faces being taken every day:
Some look sad and some look gay.
Highest ten were full of joys—
Too bad there are no boys.

Easter vacation has come again,
Spring fever also—we soon got thin.
April first on a Sunday came:
No tricks to play, Oh, what a shame.

After ten days of sleep and rest
We got back to the same old test.
With only two months of school;
Of studying and breaking the golden rule.

After two months Miss Stone returned.
Many a pupil for her had yearned.
And not as strong as she was before—
She was not able to walk the floor.

Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors all
Began practicing for baseball,
Sophomores offered the Seniors a treat,
And in the end they got beat.

Freshmen, and Juniors too,
Mixed up in a curlycue.
Freshmen had no team at all.
Who told them they could play ball?

Time is drawing close at hand,
Big money we will soon demand,
And independent we want to be,
For that's important **now** you see.

War with the Kaiser was all the talk,
About all we heard on every block;
Boys enlisting 'tis but true,
Made the girls feel pretty blue.

April showers came slow but sure,
The sun's rays they sure did cure.
Freshmen lost game after game—
All turned out just the same.

The flowers of May are all in bloom.
Pretty soon it will be June.
And then it's time to say adieu
To the ones who helped us through.

The exams are here and gone forever;
Some were hard, but we were clever.
Not one pony used, I vow.
All got through, but don't ask how.

Commencement week was one sweet dream
Parents fond—e'en teachers—beam.
Show's o'er—or just begun—
Draw the curtain: we are done.

—R. J. MOORE, '17.





Lurals

Some of the graduates will go away next year to follow the pursuit of their studies. They are: Francis Lowrie, Missoula, Mont.; Florence Jensen, Ann Arbor; Helen Hill, Bozeman; Jeanette Mayland, Dillon; Clis-ta Pierce, Bristol, Wash., D. C.; Margaret Eberl, Seattle Training School; Georgia Shaw, Ft. Benton; Robert Moore, Min-nesota; Fred Simpert, Rush Medical School, Chicago; Catherine Cloidt, Bozeman; Viv-ian Bruneau, Missoula.

There are approximately 700 students in the High School.

A most momentous event has broken the tranquility of our last weeks at school—war with Germany! Our boys were among the first to respond to their country's call, and we will know that the class of 1917 will be proud of their conduct wherever they may be called upon to go or whatever they may be called upon to do.

Miss H. P. Shafer and Miss Amelia Stan-ley will spend their summer vacation in Glacier National Park.

Miss Della Junkin expects to spend her vacation in Montana.

Miss Gracia S. Chesnutt will spend the summer months in Fort Benton.

Miss Edna Hagerman will be married.

Evelyn Evensen, one of the members of the High School alumni, was married to

Mr. Paul Graves. The bride's brother, of the class of '13, came home from college to attend the marriage.

Because of the call to arms, we were un-able to organize the track team, although good material had turned out.

Some of the members of the Boys' Glee Club had enlisted, either for farm work or for military service, before the Roundup went to press, so that we were unable to get group pictures.

MARRIAGES IN ALUMNI

E. Everson—Paul Graves.
B. Calvert—Roy W. Page.
S. Wocasek—Walrud Liedholm.
E. Reeves—George Meyers.

THE BOASTFUL SENIOR

The Freshmen are so numerous
They're almost everywhere;
There's hardly any room for us,
And I don't think it's fair.

They have us beat in numbers,
We have them beat in sense—
I am absolutely certain
This is not mere pretense.

—CLIFFORD VAN INWEGEN, '20.

Henry VIII had a great many wives and in this way he enlarged his dominions.

"Before Taking"



Amy Burlingame

Carl Suhr

Fred Springer

Ambrose Ryan

Jodie Wren

Mary and Margaret Wood

Clista Pierce

Dee Brisette

Edna Helmerick



Smokelettes

The geography of Greece advertised the country.

The most striking physical features of Greece was astronomy, medicine and the calendar.

Rameses II built the Chinese wall.

The physical features of Greece are its literature.

Miss Kuck (10A German)—"How would I tell when to use the plural form of the imperative mode? For instance if I were addressing you."

Edith Pohlmeyer—"You would use the polite form."

Mr. McMullen (in Commercial Law)—"How may a corporation be dissolved?"
E. Helmerich—"By marriage."

Miss Stone (to 12A English Class)—"Bring Ralph Royster Dayster to class tomorrow."

R. Moore—"Who is he?"

Miss H. (in physiology)—"Please give me a definition for diaphragm."

Evelyn Johnson—"The diaphragm is a person's back bone."

Miss Simpson (in biology)—"Why do they make fruit jars air tight?"

John Donohue—"Why, so no air will get in."

Why is a school room like a Ford?
Because there is a "crank" in front and a lot of "nuts" behind.

Mr. Fawcett (to Earl Fries, who is talking to Erma Riep)—"Please give me your attention now, Earl. You can call on Erma tonight."

C. P.—"What does authenticity mean?"
G. Williams—"Pertaining to authentic."

Miss Kuck—"How do you know when to use Sie and Die in conversation?"

N. Townsend—"Use Sie when speaking to your superiors and strangers and use Du when speaking to children, dogs, or teachers."

Edith Judson (in Virgil)—"She filled her bay with tears."

Miss Simpson—"Why do the crawfish remain quiet during the day?"

Ollie Gies—"They stay out all night."

Leona Loftus—"I opened the door and it was locked."

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"I know a man who never spoke to a woman for four years."

"I don't believe it."

"But he'll get out of prison tomorrow."

Edna H.—"Say, Ambrose, there is one of those rings I don't like."

Ambrose R.—"Which one?"

E. H.—"I don't know which one it is."

Miss Kuck—"If you gave me everything you had, what kind of a girl would you be."

May Kelly—"Very foolish!"

Amy Burlingame, to J. Green (after hearing the expression, "He was so crooked that he could hide behind a corkscrew")—"Johnny, you're so crooked you could hide behind a screwdriver!"

E. Helmerick—"Who wrote Milton's Lyrics?"

Miss Kuck (to German class, passing out)—"Leave me your principal parts."

Miss Stone—"What does S. O. S. mean?"

Intelligent Senior—"Save Our Souls."

Mrs. Cameron (in 12A Oratory Class)—"Stand up with your chest out on both feet."

Miss Kocken (to Civics Class)—"You remember when the War of '16 broke out?"

Edgar Suhr (who has been presented with the waste paper basket by Miss Chesnutt)—"I'm not eating."

Miss C.—"Yes, but you are chewing."

Edgar—"I'm chewing my tongue."

Miss C.—"You had better keep it then for future reference."

Clara Pierce (in Virgil)—"Whom a variegated horse bore."

Miss Chesnutt—"Why not dappled."

Miss Shafer—"Who wrote 'Everyman'."

E. Steel—"The same person that wrote 'Everywoman'."

Mrs. Cameron—"Hilmar, how did you develop the body of your speech?"

Hilmar Heckner—"I didn't develop nothin'."

"But" she objected, "you're a Jack of all trades."

"Thou art the queen of my heart," he reminded her, "and the queen takes the Jack."

Refusing, however, to be impressed with this argument, the maid insisted on a new deal.

Sam had come home from school—hungry as usual. Tossing his books on the table, he hastened to the pantry and began an investigation of cake-box, cupboards, and the cookie-jar. Suddenly, the back door bell rang. Leaving his unprofitable search, Samuel went to answer. On the steps stood an unshaven, long-haired man whose clothes needed a tailor and a laundry worker.

"I'm hungry," began the stranger, "and should like somethin' to eat."

"Well, so'm I," confided the boy, "but you know I've been huntin' for ten minutes and hain't found a thing!"

"How much are your four dollar shoes?" asked the smart one.

"Two dollars a foot," replied the salesman, wearily.

Miss Houlston to students—"Why, some day you may even become an alderman—you can't tell what depths you will seek."

Jodie Wren (translating German)—"An old man appointed the provision basket for himself."

Miss Chesnutt (scanning in Virgil)—"What makes this cow (cau) long?"

Leonora Davis—"A derelict is a thing that they dig with."

"Athenian girls were mostly kept to home. A woman's position was not very social. She was never to see her husband's friends."

The Battle of Marathon showed the people that Persia was lots of bluff."

The Marathon Run is so called because the Athenians run the Thebans clear off the battle field.

Plato was a hero in the Olympian games that were held at Athens.

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Mr. Fawcett—"We blow on our hands to warm them and then on our soup to cool it."

Georgia Shaw (in Virgil)—"Mercury descended to earth by his machinery."

Fred Stimpert (in German)—"He looked into her small eyes." (Childlike eyes.)

S. Tintinger (in Virgil)—"He embraced his own knees."

C. Pierce (in Virgil)—"He slid with Agamemnon's cause."

S. Tintinger (in Virgil)—"He checked his feet with his voice."

Miss Chesnutt—"Please read as fluently as possible, Mr. Tintinger."

Miss Kocken—"What makes people go insane?"

Mary Seelinger—"Civics?"

"What do we get from the angora goat?"
Ans.—"Oil."

Mrs. Cameron (to dreaming Laura Pearson)—"Where are you now?"

L. P. (waking up)—"Four years back."

Miss Shafer (in English)—"Mr. Ford, where is the River Styx?"

Mr. Ford—"Around Germany."

In Bookkeeping class—Leona Loftus—"My seat wiggles."

Mr. McMullen—"So does your jaw."

Mr. Fawcett—"Charles, the directions were on that sign."

C. Smith—"Well, I don't believe in signs."

A Senior in Physics—"I have did the eighteenth, I done the other two last week, but I haven't did the twenty-sixth yet."

H. Toderick to Miss Junkin—"Is shallow water ever deep?"

Miss K.—"Please open the window."

F. Duncan—"Teacher, there is a draft on my feet."

Miss K.—"That's good for them."

Mr. Fawcett (in Physics)—"There are three kinds of water wheels: under shot, over shot and half shot."

Miss Arbour (to the room)—"My, but this recitation is dry."

Upon noticing Martin Carroll's ears moving she said: "Yes, it is so dry Martin's ears are wiggling."

Teacher (to William)—"Punctuate the sentence: 'I see a peanut stand at the end of the street'."

William—"I will make a dash after it."

Miss Junkin (to Freshman)—"What are you back for?"

Freshman—"A month."

Gus Newmack—"Long hair, short brains."

Miss Kocken—"I'm awfully glad mine is coming out, Gus!"

In Forge Room—Julius Rinan to George Stearns—"You're so hot-headed that if a piece of coal got into your eye, it would change into a clinker."

Teacher—"Think! You can't open up a crack in the cranium and pour knowledge into your heads!"

Student—"Blessed be he who invents a way to do that."

Mrs. Cameron—"You must remember this is a love scene. You wouldn't act that way, would you, in a love affair?"

E. Helmerich—"Yes, but Dan's arm is in a sling."

Freshmen—A Comedy of Errors.

Sophomores—Much Ado About Nothing.

Juniors—As You Like It.

Seniors—All's Well that Ends Well.

I used to think I knew I knew,

But now I must confess,

The more I think I know I know

I know I know the less.

Jodie Lee was heard to say,

In the hall and along the way:

"Is my nose shiny,"? with a sigh,

"Pass me the powder, or I die."

Dux femina facti

Is also a Virgil quotation.

But I wonder what he would have thought
If he'd known Carrie Nation.

Arma virumque cano

He wrote, but not in haste,

For Virgil was not thinking of

The arms that encircled a waist.

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PHYSICS

P is for patience it required.
H means hundreds that were less than few.
Y means yes we're very glad we're finished.
S means seldom anything we knew.
I means that we're now inure to flunking,
C means coffins that were on their way.
S means sent them back—we still are living
Altho we thought we'd never see this day.
Now put these altogether, they will spell
A word that turns our hair to gray.

LAURA PEARSON, '17.

RUB IN YET

All our exams will soon be writ,
School days will then be done;
But can all the teachers' wit,
Make a hundred from a fifty-one?
Ah, comrades, could we but conspire
To find the final questions all entire;
Would we not cram them down like fire,
And know them to the heart's desire?

—AGNES LUNDELL, '17.

Teacher—"What's the trouble, Florence?"
F. Chellquist—"I think I heard a mosquito in my ear."

Hazel Askew—"A derelict is a census taken every five years. Or rather it is the time taken."

J. Krieger—"I learned a stanza of Grace's (Gray's) Elegy."

Miss Stone—"Who is she?"

"No man should be deprived of liberty, land or death without due process of law."

Mr. Fawcett (in Chemistry)—"Chauncey, what causes the raising of bread?"

C. Potee (half asleep)—"If you pour carbon dioxide gas on lighted candles, they go out."

Mrs. Cameron—"Why won't you give your speech?"

Dee Brisette—"Well, I tried it on the kids last night and they locked me in the lath room."

Mrs. C.—"Never mind, we haven't any place to lock you here."

Miss Junkin to Linda Oakrish—"Name the different kinds of insurance."

Reply—"Life, fire, marriage, etc."

Miss Chesnutt—"Who was Sarpedon?"

Lloyd—"Oh, he was the fellow who was slain by a river near Troy."

Michael Angelo was a commander of the French army.

Wm. Caxton is noted for his games of chess.

(In Freshman history)—"What feminine title corresponds to Marquis?"

H. Riley—"Marquissette."

The geography of Greece was handed down from their ancestors. It gave the people more influence than before.

The Rock of Behistim had all kinds of architecture on it.

The Nile River produces sentiment.



Favorite Expressions of the Teachers

Miss Harrison—"Now, that paragraph margin isn't straight."

Miss Bondy—"No! We haven't anything to eat today."

Miss Harp—"We will have a speed test."

Miss Kuck—"Girls, move on."

Miss Simpson—"That's sufficient for the present."

Miss Elmer—"I want some order in this room."

Miss Barneby—"Beg pardon. I didn't catch it."

Miss Arbour—"Attention."

Miss Brown—"How much time did you put on this lesson?"

Miss Murchie—"Use your ruler."

Miss Hagerman—"Oh, dear me."

Miss Stanley—"Hand in your notebooks."

Mrs. Cameron—"Talk as if you were saying something."

Miss Kocken—"Come, we're away off our topic."

Miss Taylor—"Get your coats, girls."

Miss Chesnutt—"Increase your speed, please."

Miss Holkesvig—"Close your books."

Miss Gordon—"That's right, let's do it again. That's better, now once again."

Mr. Rae—"Come in."

Mr. Stine—"Room nine."

Miss Stone—"Specimen! There is the dictionary."

Mr. Miles—"Good morning."

Miss Cole—"My, but that is stunning."

Mr. Wilson—"What do you want?"

Miss Williams—"How many got it?"

Miss Houliston—"Blessed is he who does not rubber."

Miss Junkin—"Since when?"

Miss Buckmaster—"Well! You don't get the point."

Mr. Fawcett—"Mabbe."

Mr. Tucker—"Two minutes more boys."

Miss Shafer—"You will enjoy reading that."

Mr. McMullen—"I would come around and check your books, but I know they're all up."

Miss Frost—"Don't let me catch you yawning again."

Mr. Crouch—"If your deportment is down you know where to come."

Nobody Knows

Is this life one grand sweet song;
Just joy and bliss, the whole day long?
Is naught but happiness in this throng,
Nobody knows.

How many hours at night we work,
How many lessons we never (?) shirk,
Although they're crueler than any Turk?
Nobody knows.

How many times—'tis sad but true—
Because our homework we did not do,
We had to return at half past two?
Nobody knows.

How many times, as the end drew near,
And joy should have caused us to shed a
tear
'Twas something very much different we
fear?
Nobody knows.

How oft in the library for history's sake
We read "Life's" jokes our minds to wake
And home no history notes did we take?
Nobody knows.

How many times to Luck did we look
And came to school without opening a book
Hoping to get thru by hook or by crook?
Nobody knows.

How many times in the assembly hall
Our department grades took a sudden fall
And from the office we expected a call?
Nobody knows.

How many times when we tried to bluff
Miss Stone threatened to give us a cuff
We meekly sat down 'cause we'd said enuf?
Nobody knows.

And yet this much we'd have you hear,
Because our parting day is near,
That G. F. H. S. to us is dear.
Nobody knows.

—L. PEARSON, '17..

The Education Controversy

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say: "You can't learn me nothing?"
Patsy—Yis'm.
Teacher—Why?
Patsy—'Cause yer can't.

Chick—"Ma, can't I have a baby brother?"

Old Hen—"What! With eggs fifty cents a dozen."

Conclusion

Our school days now are over and our life
Has just begun; as when a ship leaps forth
Upon the briny sea, its sails reflect
The light, its timbers staunch and truly joined,
So we, prepared by study for the fray,
Begin our course. Dear Seventeen, so gay
We part, but mem'ry's gentle voice for aye
Recalls thy cheerful day and evermore
Will think of those, our class, our sorrows and our joys.

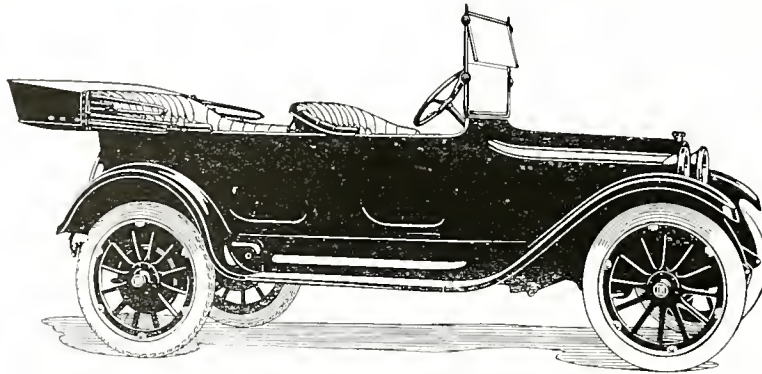
Alumni

CLASS OF 1915

Potee, Kenneth—Catner College, Bethany, Neb.
Case, Gerald—University of Minnesota.
Hanson, Emil—Hanson Bros. Store.
Jones, Harper—Enlisted.
Rowe, James—Working for Rainbow Hotel.
McDermand, Edna—Great Falls, Mont.
Robinson, Ethel—Missoula.
Robertson, Vidah—Emerson School, Boston, Mass.
Gilman, Bonnie—State University of Washington, Seattle, Wash.
Turner, Beatrice—Missoula.
Berk, James—B. & M. Smelter.
Canary, Howard—Great Falls Lumber Yards.
Bloomdahl, Werner—Smelter.
Chichester, Fred—University of Pennsylvania.
Freeman, Paul—Philips Exeter.
Gillette, Norman—Belt.
Hagen, Paul—Oakland Polytechnic School.
Holzberger, Lloyd—Missoula.
Johnson, Roy—Belt, Mont.
Lillquist, Henry—Working for Graham & Ross.
Ross, Donald—Working for Graham & Ross.
Smith, Otto—State University of Oregon.
Flaherty, Catherine—Montana Power Co.
Stone, Walter—Corwallis, Oregon.
Clark, Earl—Goodrich-Call Lumber Co.
Rae, Arne—Spokane, Wash.
Dalve, Raymond—Booth Drug Co., Great Falls.
Geiger, Harold—Clerk Conrad Bank.
Tobey, Roy—Commercial National Bank.
Barker, Lenore—Tribune.
Brennan, May—Stenog. for Mont. Power Co.
Duncan, Marguerite—Stenog. for Conrad Grocery Store.
Eisenhart, Katherine—Stenog. for Lumber Co.
Hoag, Cornelia—Sub. Teacher.
Kanne, Rnth—Chinook, Mont.
Kaufman, Bee—Great Falls.
Lease, Clista—Stenog. Federal Bldg.
Marohn, Olga—Teacher, near Eden.
McDermand, Ethel—Married.
McGeorge, Winifred—Teacher, Currans School.
Millegan, Mary—Bozeman, University.
Sweat, Helen—Bozeman.
Thompson, Chetoe—Graham-Ross, Great Falls.
Skinner, Florence—St. Paul, Minn.
Kinread, Alice—Missoula.
McCready, Hilda—Teacher, Oregon.
Taylor, Grace, Cascade, Mont.
Longway, Frances, University of Montana.
Ryan, Ellen—Teacher, District 66.
Anderson, Oscar—Enlisted.
Bradford, Frank—Enlisted.
Brule, Broughton—Canada.
Chase, Sam—Philips Exeter.
Churchill, Bernard—B. & M. Smelter.
Clutton, Sam—University of Michigan.
Cocks, Leslie—Bozeman.
Ede, Cecil—Working for Goodrich Call Lumber Co.
Ellis, Clifford—Home Ranch near Truly.
Farrell, Richard—University of California.
Hamilton, Leslie—Deceased.
Hamill, Leon—University of California.
Holmberg, Clarence—Harvard.
Hougan, Sander—University of Minnesota.
Jardine, Harry—Working at Bee Hive.
Jenkins, Edward—Lake & Hammers.
Kreutzer, Fred—Edwards Furniture Store.
Lambert, George—Enlisted.
Lloyd, Leslie—Marlborough, California.
Marsh, Clair—G. N. Freight Depot.
Oliver, Russel—Working at High School.
Regan, Dan—Great Falls.
Ristow, Cecil—Northwestern University.
Sladine, Emil—Bozeman.
Sherwood, Marion—Great Falls.
Stearns, Frank—Bozeman.
Strain, Arthur—Great Falls.
Struble, Alex—Tribune, Great Falls.
Steele, Fred—Bozeman.
Tobey, Willard—Bozeman.
Wiegand, Joseph—Harvard.
Hathorn, William—Northern Hardware.
Collins, Dan—University of Montana.
Wochner, Albert—University of Montana.
Holmes, Joseph—B. & M. Smelter.
Hathorn, William—Northern Hardware.
Auchbach, Theresa—St. Katherine School, St. Paul, Minn.
Baarson, Esther—Teacher, Joplin, Mont.
Berger, Charlotte—Wellesly College.
Bondy, Florence—Art Dept. of Paris.
Brewster, Lydia—Clerk at Paris.
Brown, Isabel—Monticello Seminary, Godfrey, Ill.
Burks, Lorene—Tribune.
Callaway, Miriam—Wheaton College.
Chichester, Mildred—Long Beach, Cal.
Clutton, Adaline—Great Falls.
Cockrill, Lena—Stenog. for G. G. Mills.
Curry, Sarah—Teacher near St. Peters.
Liscum, Bessie—Stenog. at Wells-Dickey Co.
Miles, Bertha—Great Falls, Public Library.
Slusher, Esther—Heyn's Studio.
Baier, Mary—Stenog. for R. Steele, Great Falls.
Townsend, Martha—Miss Sayward's School.
Connor, Roma—University of California.
Duncan, Dorothy—Teacher Field School.
Evans, Eunice—Morris Book Store.
Haynes, Lois—Teacher, Portage.
Earl, Ruth—Great Falls.
Johnson, Margaret—University of Minn.
Lease, Helen—Bozeman.
Kilroy, Loretta—Great Falls Public Library.
Luther, Ella—Great Falls.
McKenzie, Ruth—Carlton College, Iowa.
McDermand, Janette, Mrs. Lundgreen.
Meeks, Winifred—University of Mont.
Oesterle, Dava—Teacher, Millegan.
Peterson, Agnes—Great Falls, Mont.
Pohlod, Pauline—Stenographer for F. J. Gies.
Richardson, Madeline—
Smith, Opal—Stenographer for Merchants Association.
Smith, Winifred—Teacher at Raynesford.
Stedman, Lucille—Stout Institute.
Strain, Helen—Wellesley.
Tronson, Marian—Teacher, Monarch.
Wagnild, Magdaline—Conrad, Mont.
Wick, Margaret—Stenographer for F. J. Gies.
Wocasek, Anne—Western Union.
Wocasek, Sarah—Mrs. W. Liedholm.
Wood, Margaret—Royal Milling Co.
Welber, Viola—Clerk at Woolworths, Great Falls.
Todd, Margaret—Stockett.
Townsend, Marian—University of California.



ROUNDUP ANNUAL, JUNE, 1917



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"What are the motives that will draw our soldiers to war?"

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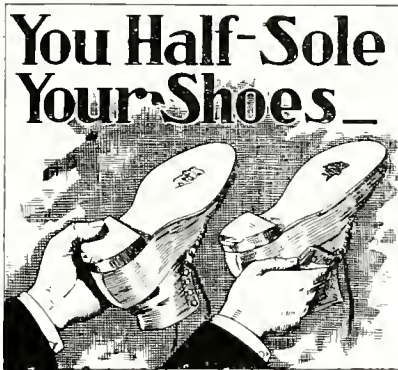
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Druggists and Chemists

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HARRY YAEGER, Vice President

EDGAR A. NEWLON, Cashier

E. L. HEIDEL, Asst. Cashier

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We pay 4% on Savings

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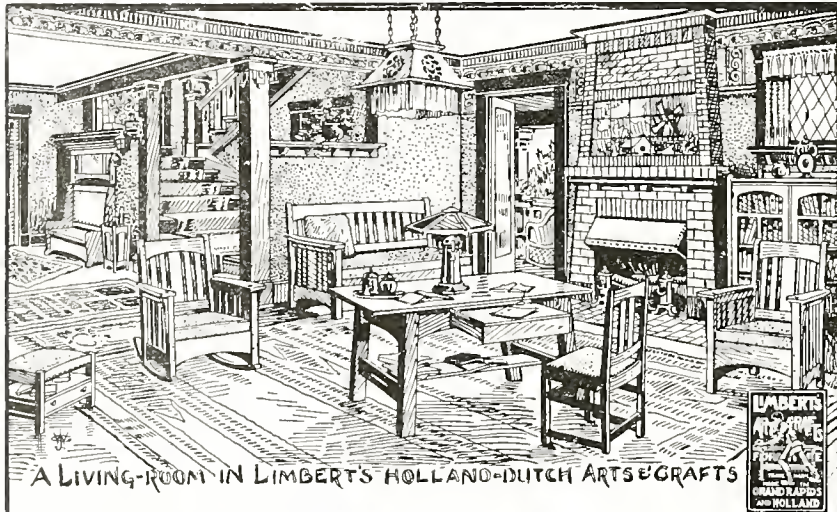
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In the Average Home the Library and Living-room are One

YOU entertain your friends, you read, write, lounge, in fact you **Live** in that one room more than in any other, the furniture therein gets the most severe usage.

You will find that Limbert's Holland Dutch Arts and Crafts Furniture makes the most attractive, comfortable and durable furnishings, not only for your living room, but for your Hall, Dining-room and Chambers as well.

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GENERATION FURNITURE

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Luncheonette

Dainty Lunches—Substantial Meals

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“B-but you won’t do any good—y-you’re scalped already.”

He—“Do you remember Horatius at the bridge?”

She—“No, I don’t think I’ve ever met him. You know, we invite so few men.

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Student—“A dead parrot.”

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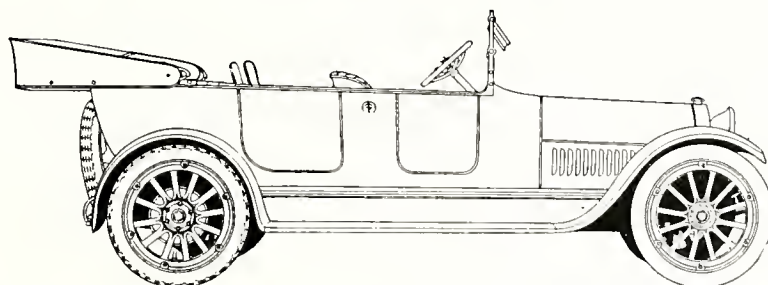
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Back of the Series 18 Studebaker FOUR and SIX there is character. The character developed through sixty-five years of business success has won for Studebaker a name which is favorably known all over the world. Wherever there is civilization the name of Studebaker is held in good repute. This good will is a priceless business asset. To protect this reputation Studebaker **makes sure.**

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40-H.P. 5 and 7-Passenger FOUR.....\$ 940

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Studebakers are sold on part time to responsible people. Write for catalog describing in truthful language and pictures the newest Studebaker fine cars and make your own comparison of Studebaker quality and prices against all other makes.

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Shampooing, Facial Massage
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I carry a full line of E. Burnham's
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"The Store with the Right Price"

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Pennants and Felt Goods to Order

School Supplies of All Kinds

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"Good Things to Eat"

Candies, Cigars
Ice Cream,
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must apply to every film that we show. We invite your attendance at each performance.

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Perfect Plates, made to your satisfaction, for.....\$8.00
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Painless Extracting

Gold Crowns\$4 to \$5

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Bridge Work, per tooth\$4 to \$5

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Oh, How Good—

Candies from McDaniel's
Sugar Bowl

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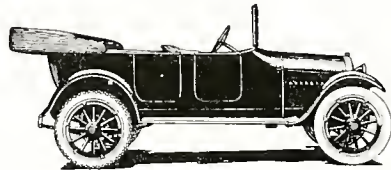
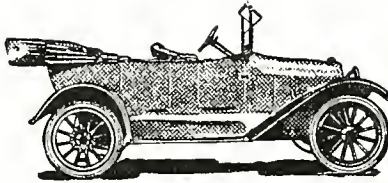
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He—"I can always tell a woman who takes things just because they are cheap.

He (another)—"How?"

He—"Simply by looking at her husband."

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has Attention all
its own.



*At the Cascade Steam
Laundry, Phone 165*

Great Falls, Montana

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They carry a choice line of mouldings to select from.
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The COMO

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"Some day you may want to ride in a Velie"

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For a Score of Years

The reputation of the Charles E. Davis Co.
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Such an enviable record for so long a period is
positive proof of our ability to meet YOUR least
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MILLINERY EXCLUSIVE

So many *new* and *beautiful*
Hats are now displayed in my
shop that I want everyone to
see them. Will you kindly con-
sider this a personal invitation.

Of course, the prices are reasonable

Cunningham Millinery

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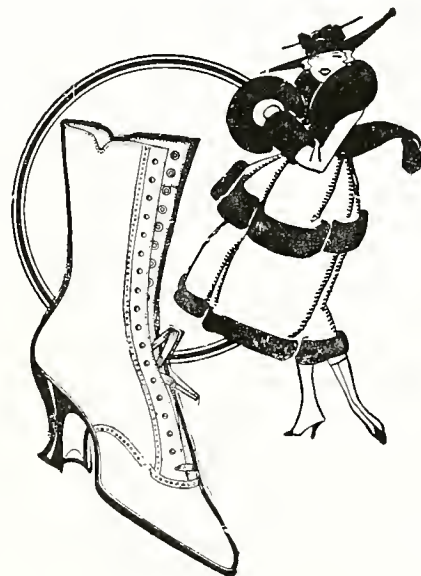
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ELEGANCE and GRACE

In spring footwear models that give you
extremely wide latitude for satisfying
women's personal choice are ready here.
Colors to gratify all tastes and a comfort-
able shape for every foot.

The shoe styles of the early season
were altogether fine, but these new and
later lines reveal models that are still
fine, and at popular prices.



JOHN D. McDONALD SHOE CO.

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¶ Why is the *National Laundry* like the High School?

¶ Both are trying to improve the output

Telephone your wants to the *Bee Hive*

If your table supply is short



We will send you the choicest on the market on short notice

Hydrastia Cream

Healing and Antiseptic—makes the skin soft and beautiful



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The Standard of the World

Maxwell

Takes the slant out of the hills.

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The most beautiful car in America.

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ARE PARAMOUNT

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Complete Satisfaction

Will be found in our Clothes—whether
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New classy Hats, Furnishings and Shoes
always shown.

A. NATHAN

The Reliable Clothier

Oldest and Largest Complete Outfitter for Man and Boy
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Baseball and Tennis Supplies

Sporting Goods

of All Kinds



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Axtell Baggage Transfer and Storage Co.

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Phone 120

Look Here!

Small and Large
Auto Service

We Guarantee
Prompt Deliveries

Give Us a Call — Any Time

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European Plan

First Class Cafe
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Great Falls, Montana

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STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

Hay, Grain and Produce

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*Choice Meats and Fish
in Season*

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THE STANDARD OF QUALITY

If It's Clean,
We Cleaned
It



If We
Cleaned It
It's Clean

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PLANT: 318 First Ave. S. W.

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SANITARY PLUMBING

HOT WATER AND STEAM HEATING

PLUMBING SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

NOXALL FILTERS

MAKE THE WATER PURE

Collins Plumbing & Heating Co.

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Are You Prepared

for Summer with New Footwear?

We are

Flaherty & Perra

The home of the Packard shoe for men

The J. & K. Shoe for women

For young men "The Chicagoan"

12 Third St. S.



Kirschbaum's "Youngfello" Clothes—

Make the chaps who care to dress well
think of us when "suumtime" comes.

We Cater to Young Men

Become a "Stone-dressed" man.

STONE, The Clothier

Corner First Avenue South and Third Street

INSULTED BOTH

H.—"Why do those two girls hate you so?"

P.—"I once told them they looked alike."

Sergeant—"Where are you going?"

He—"To fetch water."

Sergeant—"In those disreputable clothes?"

He—"No, sir; in this pail."

Youngwed—"I want accommodations for my wife."

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Youngwed—"You bet she is."—Ex.

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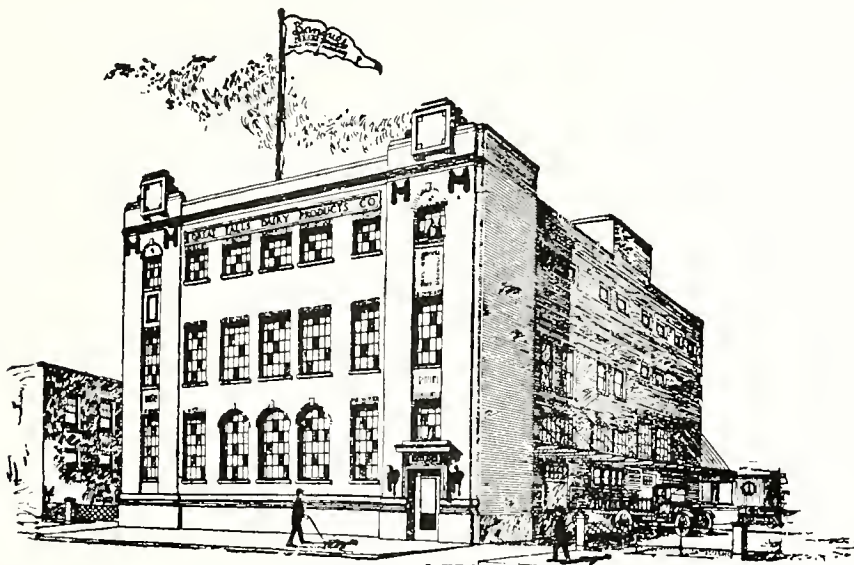
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